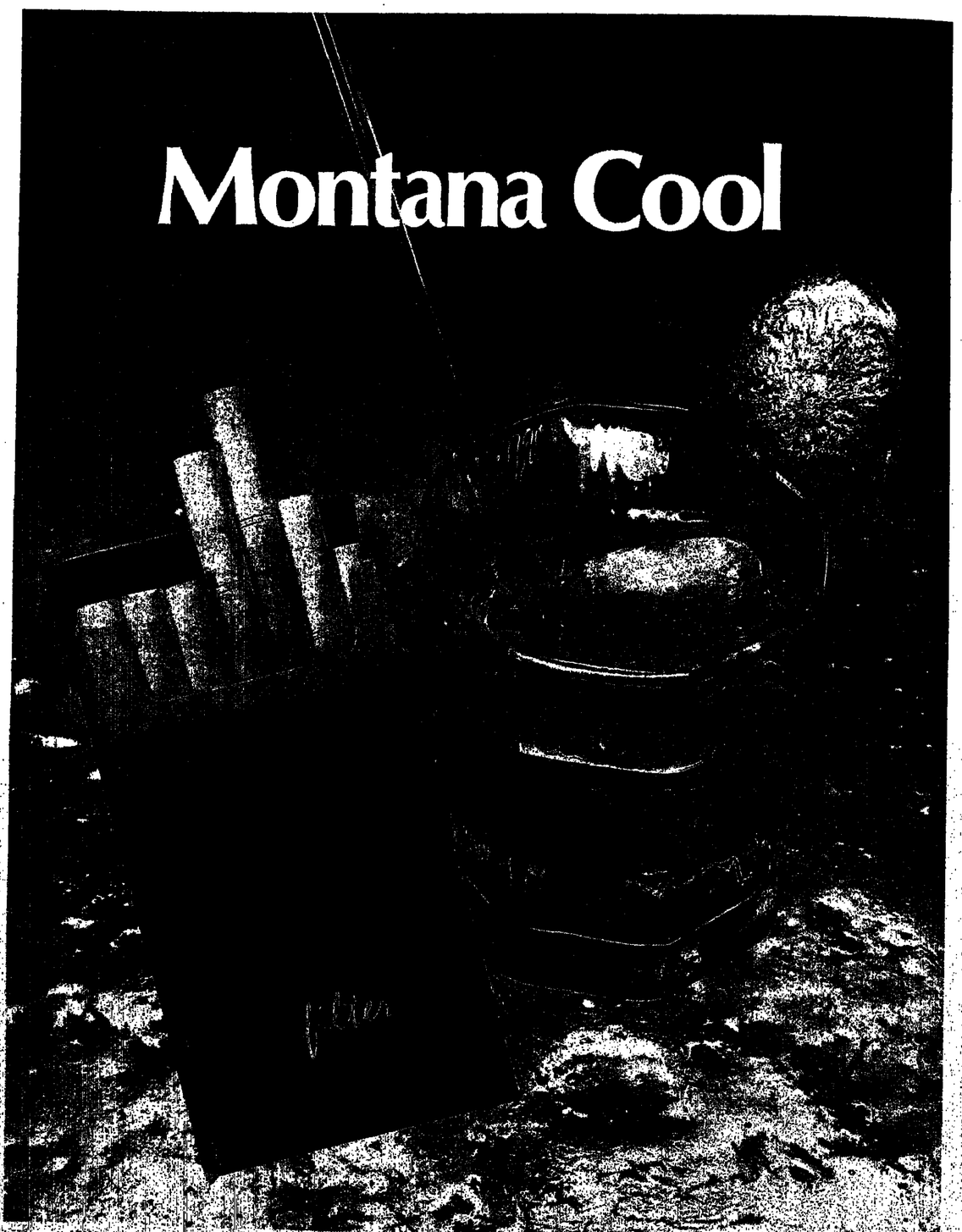

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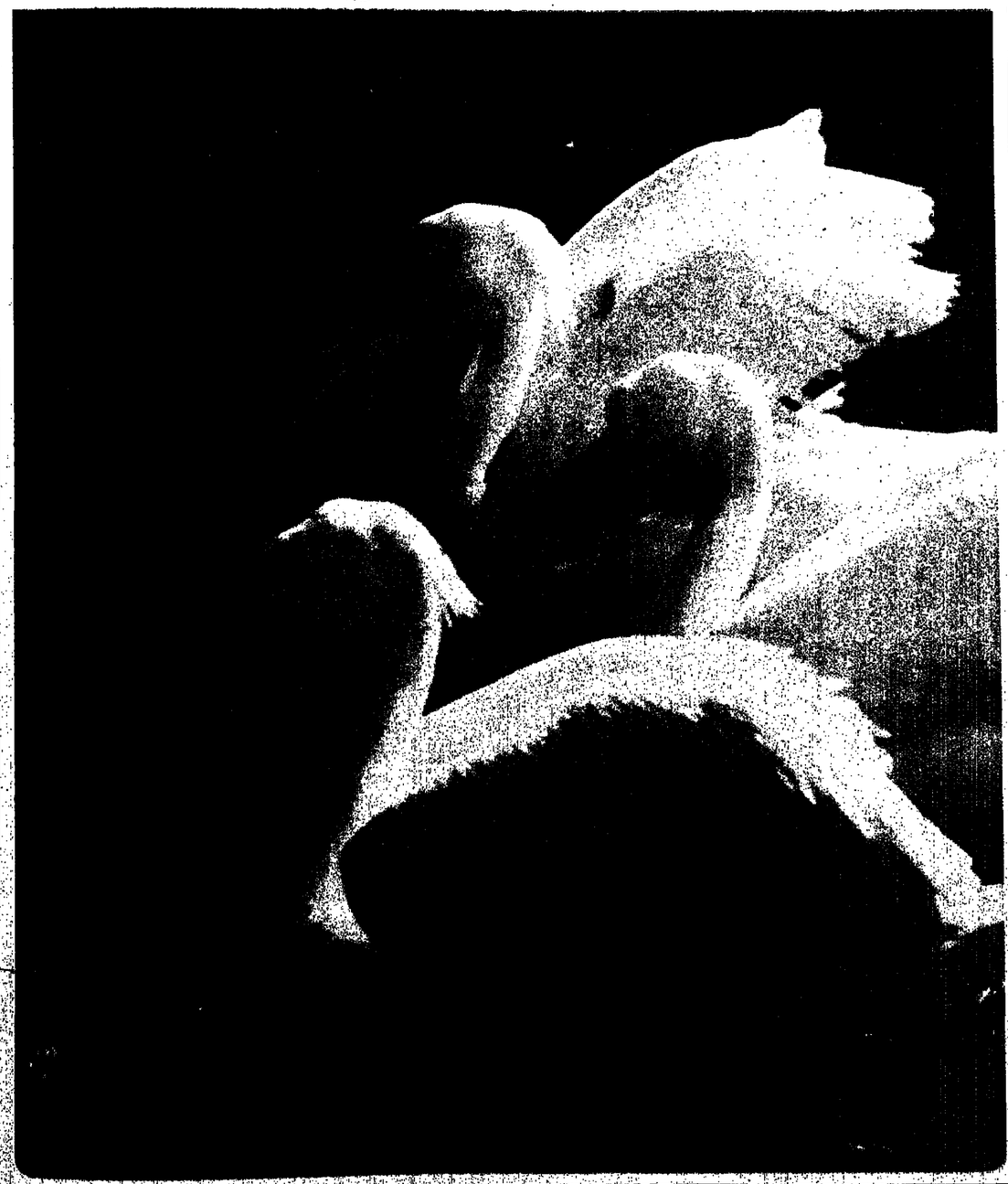
THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

A safari celebration

Friday, August 15, 1986



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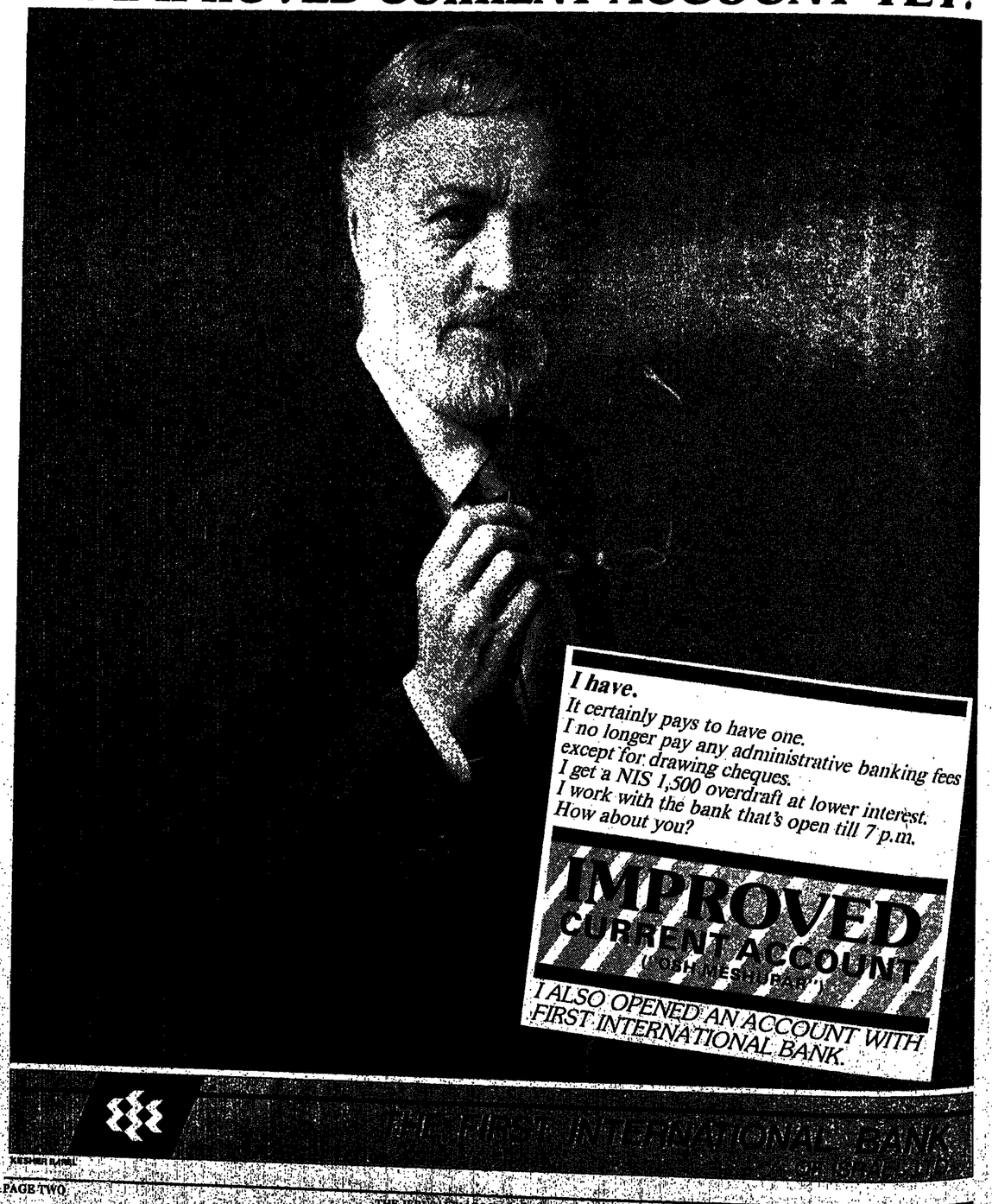

In this issue

4 **Stormy calm** Joel Greenberg

5 **The great divide** Abraham Rabinovich

6 **Looking through you** Marsha Pomerantz

8 **Where East separates from West** John Dornberg

10 **A little piece of Africa** Aaron Leibel

11 **A man of insight** Naomi Doudai
My Captain and I John Auerbach

12 **Book reviews**

15 **With Prejudice** Alex Berlyne
The Fifth Column Matt Nesvisky

Its inhabitants may not know it, but the Tel Aviv-Ramat Gan Zoological Centre is five years old. See p. 10.

Cover photo: Leora Cheshin.

In the pullout

A **Savage beauty** Pearl Sheffy Gefen

B **Rock** David Horovitz Michal Yudelman

D **Between acts** Marsha Pomerantz

E **Cinema** Dan Fainaru

F **Matters of taste** Andy Ghee

G **TV & radio highlights** Greer Fay Cashman

J **Nature** D'vora Ben Shaul

K **Music & musicians** Yohanan Boehm

L **Chess** Eliahu Shahaf
Crosswords

M **The art scene** Meir Ronnen

Q **Film briefs** Dan Fainaru

P **Poster**

The Jerusalem Post Weekend Magazine
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STORMY CALM

Syria's presence in Beirut could herald growing intervention in Lebanon, Joel Greenberg reports.

WHEN Syrian troops re-entered West Beirut last month to enforce a Damascus-backed peace plan to end a relentless militia war at the city's Palestinian refugee camps, war-weary residents of the city heaved a collective sigh of relief. Terrorized by the latest flare-up of violence in the 11-year-old civil war which has racked the Lebanese capital, Beirutis took advantage of restored calm to enjoy the simpler pleasures of their city.

A recent visitor to Beirut said she saw crowds of people sitting on the beachfront promenade at Corniche Mazraa, sipping coffee and eating cakes sold by pushcart vendors. Youths swam near the boulders jutting from the sea below, and on weekends, the Summerland Country Club nearby was jammed with visitors, flocking to its swimming pool, tennis courts and golf course near the airport at Khalde.

In West Beirut's main commercial street, Hamra, it was business as usual. Shoppers crowded into stores to buy goods which have become much dearer after the sharp decline in the Lebanese pound caused by the civil war.

The visitor described a conversation in one store, where not a bad word was heard about the Syrians, and most speakers seemed happy at the respite from violence provided by the troop deployment. "If this is what it takes to bring peace, so be it," was a commonly heard remark. No one, however, felt the quiet would last long, a premonition borne out in recent weeks by the series of car-bombings and other explosions in East and West Beirut. These incidents have challenged the Syrians in their efforts to keep a lid on the city's seething militia rivalries.

On the city streets, Syrian soldiers and plainclothesmen kept a low profile at checkpoints they manned with Lebanese troops. The Lebanese usually carried out the checks, as the Syrian soldiers, usually armed with rocket launchers or machine-guns, stood a discreet distance. It seemed to the visitor that only a few hundred Syrian troops were in the city, and that their presence was not oppressive, mainly intended to support the Lebanese. Every day, new areas of the city which had been closed because of the fighting were reopened to traffic, though sporadic sniper fire was still heard along the dividing line between Christian East Beirut and the predominantly Moslem western side of the city.

The Palestinian refugee camps were peaceful, though surrounded by checkpoints manned by the Shi'ite Amal militia, which only weeks earlier had fought pitched battles with Palestinian forces. Life in Sabra, Shatilla and Burj el-Barajne went on normally, though the visitor sensed tension underlying the surface calm. She saw no armed Palestinians.

THOUGH currently unobtrusive, the Syrian return to Beirut could herald growing Syrian intervention in the city and throughout Lebanon, according to Reuven Avi-Ran, author of a recently published book on the last decade of Syrian involvement in the country. He sees a recurring pattern in the repeated Syrian troop deployments in Lebanon throughout the civil war, which indicates to him that the current presence of some 1,000 soldiers could well be expanded later. In the past, Syria has either disguised or deliberately limited its initial detachments of troops to Lebanon to soften opposition by Lebanese groups, Israel and the United States. Later it was provoked into sending increasing numbers of soldiers into the country, Avi-Ran said.

West Beirut passersby looking askance at a Syrian soldier standing guard, and armed with a machine-gun. (Reuter)

He noted that in the past, though Syria had entered Lebanon allied variously with Christian and Moslem militias, its consistent adversary was the Palestinians. Syria considers PLO groups loyal to Yasser Arafat its main rival for leadership of the Palestinian cause, and Syrian President Hafez Assad has constantly worked to undermine Arafat's leadership and force elements of the PLO into subservience to Damascus. The Syrian-backed rebellion in 1983 by PLO dissident Abu Musa is one example of Assad's efforts to gain control of the Palestinian armed organizations.

LIKE ITS current involvement, Syria entered Lebanon in the past to enforce various peace plans engineered by Damascus, Avi-Ran said. However, all previous interventions, as well as the current one, have been ineffective, he said, because they failed to go beyond removing barricades and clearing the streets of militiamen – "cosmetic" moves which were not backed by a thorough campaign to clean out the weapons kept in storage by the militias for the next round of violence.

Syrian troops also did not enter the Palestinian refugee camps to disarm fighters and dismantle their headquarters. Such a task, Avi-Ran says, would require many more Syrian soldiers and provoke resistance from Lebanese and Palestinian militiamen, for whom arms are the guarantee of survival.

Avi-Ran says the pattern of Syrian involvement emerges clearly from a survey of its previous dispatches of troops to Beirut. In March 1976, Syria sent soldiers into the city for the first time after the outbreak of the civil war in April 1975. They included commandos, not openly identifiable as Syrian troops, and forces of the Syrian-sponsored Palestine Liberation Army (PLA). The forces, which were also deployed in Tripoli, were sent to compel Palestinian and leftist militias to accept a "constitutional document" outlining political reforms, and a Palestinian-Lebanese agreement on removal of heavy weapons from refugee camps and coordination of Palestinian military action with Lebanon.

Resistance by Palestinian and leftist Lebanese militias provoked the Syrians into greater military involvement. In June 1976, they launched a mechanized drive on Beirut, Tripoli and Sidon, but were stopped by the leftists and Palestinians, who destroyed a Syrian battalion at Sidon, and blocked Syrian entry to Beirut.

A subsequent Arab mini-summit in Riyadh, attended by only some states, gave Lebanese and inter-Arab legitimacy to the Syrian presence in Lebanon by recognizing its troops as a "Deterrent Force" charged with supervising an end to the civil war, dismantling armed positions, opening up roads and collecting weapons. Syrian forces, in tactical alliance with Christian militias, entered West Beirut, Tripoli and Sidon in November 1976, where they put an end to the militia war and cleared the streets of barricades and militiamen. However, says Avi-Ran, they failed to disarm the fighters in the Palestinian refugee camps or root out arms caches. The nature of Syria's action meant its control of Beirut was "basically weak and superficial," Avi-Ran says.

In 1977, Syria failed to carry out its part of an agreement it sponsored between Lebanon and the PLO, under which its troops would supervise the disarming of the Palestinian camps in Beirut, including closure of militia headquarters there.

Syria's Deterrent Force mandate was extended in 1978, but it thinned out its troops in the capital between 1980 and 1982 as part of a new defensive deployment in the Bekaa Valley to meet a possible Israeli attack. After Israel's siege of Beirut in the Lebanon War, the remaining Syrian troops and PLA units left the capital in August 1982.

Syria's reentry into the city last month came after the collapse of the Damascus-brokered agreement in December to end the civil war and restructure the government system, reached between the Shi'ite Amal, Christian and Druse militias. The quick breakdown of the agreement, fashioned laboriously by Syrian Vice President Abdel Halim Khaddam, was a blow to Syria's prestige and hastened its renewed intervention, Avi-Ran says.

HOWEVER, he believes that the immediate and direct cause of the Syrian entry was the steady reestablishment of pro-Arafat Palestinian militias in the Beirut refugee camps. Growing Palestinian military strength, reflected in the successful repulsion of repeated Amal attacks on the camps, was a danger signal for Hafez Assad. The spectre of an independent PLO base in the camps, which could provoke Syria into conflict with Israel (as occurred in the Lebanon War), spurred Syria to action.

Avi-Ran sees Syria's latest entry into Beirut as part of its broader campaign against the PLO's attempt to establish a territorial preserve in Lebanon and maintain its "freedom of decision," independent of Syrian or other Arab control. An "Arafat state" in Beirut's southern suburbs is seen in Damascus as a challenge to Syria's claim of leadership of the Palestinian cause and hegemony among the states of the Fertile Crescent.

The Syrian intervention, despite its declared purpose, was not aimed at simply promoting peace, but rather at weakening Palestinians by bolstering Amal, Avi-Ran says. As with previous interventions in which Syria supported one warring group against the other, the current involvement has made Syrian troops "just another force among the armed groups in Lebanon."

Avi-Ran believes the political and military conditions in Beirut do not bode well for the latest Syrian involvement. Unlike previous actions, the current Syrian deployment has received no formal inter-Arab or Lebanese legitimization and was opposed by Lebanon's president, Amin Jemayel. The Syrian Deterrent Force stationed in Beirut before the Lebanon War was nominally under the command of the president of Lebanon, but in 1983, Lebanon formally asked the Arab League to terminate its mandate and withdraw the force.

The security situation in Beirut is far more complicated today than it was during previous Syrian interventions, Avi-Ran says. The removal of the PLO as a dominant armed force in the city after the Lebanon War left a vacuum which has been filled by a myriad of new, powerful, armed groups and militias: the Shi'ite Amal and Hizbollah groups, Druse, leftist and smaller Palestinian militias, along with criminal gangs which carry out murders, kidnappings and robbery. The increased number of rival armed groups will make it even more difficult for the Syrians to impose order than in previous years, Avi-Ran says. The recent rash of car-bombings, explosions, shootings and inter-Christian fighting have served notice that there are powerful forces at work in Beirut against imposition of a Pax Syriana on Lebanon.

Avi-Ran says the situation is "a real challenge" to Syrian intelligence chief Ghazi Kanaan, who is in charge of Syrian forces in Beirut. "It's a jungle, and the Syrians, like us, have learned the limits of the use of force in Lebanon, though they want to protect their interests there. This time they've tried to avoid direct, massive involvement, and say they are simply backing up the Lebanese army. They are trying to play a merely supportive role, but previous experience has shown that they have invariably been provoked into deeper involvement, and sunken deeper into the mire." □

The great divide

Nationhood or dispersal were the two alternatives facing the Jews who survived the Bar-Kochba uprising, Prof. Moshe Herr tells The Jerusalem Post's Abraham Rabinovich.

IT WAS NOT until the 1920s that an American researcher going through aerial reconnaissance photos from the First World War spotted the outlines of a siege wall and ancient fortifications on a barren hill southwest of Jerusalem and identified the stronghold where the last Jewish uprising in antiquity reached its apocalyptic end.

It was not until the 1950s, when 1,800-year-old letters were found miraculously preserved in the Judean Desert, that the real name of that uprising's leader was known for certain.

No war in this much-fought-over country has been more fiercely waged than the Bar-Kochba rebellion, whose end on Tisha Be'Av was marked yesterday, and there is virtually none about which history tells us less.

"We still don't know the extent of the territory involved in the revolt," says Prof. Moshe Herr of the Hebrew University. "Was it only Judea or were Galilee, the Golan and Trans-Jordan involved too? Did the rebels conquer Jerusalem? We don't know."

We know virtually nothing about the powerfully charismatic figure who led the revolt and nothing at all of the events on the battlefield in the three-and-a-half years the rebels defied the massed power of Rome.

The little we do know, however, is awesome.

LESS THAN 70 years before the Bar-Kochba uprising, the Jews had risen in the Great Revolt that ended with the destruction of Jerusalem and the Temple. Three years later, in 73 CE, the last holdouts died at Masada. Although the Jews had lost their limited sovereignty, they remained the majority in the land and maintained a vibrant communal life. Furthermore, they were backed by a powerful Jewish Diaspora, which constituted about 10 per cent of the population of the Roman Empire.

The Jews of the Diaspora, notes Herr, were the only people in the empire to retain their communal identity while living outside the borders of their own nation. The Romans considered the Jews a peculiar people, who refused to eat the best food, lolled about doing nothing one day out of seven, and circumcised their infants.

"The Jewish nation was a nuisance unlike any other to the Romans," says Herr. "Following the conquest of Palestine by Pompey [in 63 BCE], the Jews for close to six generations revolted more than any other people in the entire empire, including the warlike German tribes."

A massive uprising of Jews in the Diaspora in 116 CE caught Emperor Trajan as he marched eastward in the path of Alexander the Great to create a new world order. The uprising in Cyprus, Alexandria, Cyrena and elsewhere was fierce, and the Romans struggled hard to bring it under control.

TRAJAN DIED in 117 and was succeeded by Hadrian, a cultured Spanish-born aristocrat with experience in the arts of war and civil administration. He was an enlightened monarch and in his 21 years of rule toured his empire constantly to assure its smooth administration, never spending more than a few months at a time in Rome.

Hadrian's approach to the Jewish problem was initially liberal and appeasing, says Herr, and in 120 CE, he even ordered the reconstruction of the Temple destroyed 50 years earlier. Shortly thereafter, however, he scrapped the plan just as it was beginning to be executed.

"He probably didn't know too much about the Jews when he started it," surmises Herr. "Then he learned that the Jews were not like other peoples – that he would not be permitted to dedicate their temple, that he would not even be permitted to enter it, that the Jews could not even drink wine from his hand."

Hadrian's adviser on religious affairs, the historian Tacitus, hated the Jews and portrayed them in his writings – and presumably to his emperor – as misanthropes, haters of humanity who worshipped an invisible God.

There were Jews who wanted to revolt when they learned that Hadrian had gone back on his plan to reconstruct the Temple, but they were dissuaded by rabbis who said the time was not ripe.

About 128, Hadrian published an edict forbidding circumcision. The Jews were not the only people who performed it, and the Romans regarded the act as a violation of nature, a form of castration. In 129-30, Hadrian visited the Near East. He spent a few months in Judea where, Herr assumes, Jewish leaders must have sought an audience with him to request withdrawal of the edict. In any case, Hadrian did not rescind it and his presence in the region may have induced the Roman officials in the province to begin enforcing what they knew was an explosive ruling. At this point, the Jewish leadership decided on revolt.

Hadrian continued on to Egypt, where he spent half a year, and then returned to Judea for another half year. The Jews, meanwhile, were staging a massive rearmament programme – beating ploughshares into swords – under the noses of the Roman troops garrisoning the country. In addition, they prepared elaborate underground labyrinths to serve as assembly points and weapon depots.

It is only in recent years that these impressive underground installations have come to light at Herodion, Lachish and elsewhere. Most of the installations were on the western slopes and foot of the Judean hills, but some were on the crest of the hills and in the Judean Desert.

THE REVOLT began in 132, probably in the spring, shortly after Hadrian had left the country *en route* to Syria. It is only since the discovery of the letters in the Judean Desert that we know that the revolt's leader was born as Shimon Bar Koseva and that the name by which he came to be called – Bar-Kochba (Son of a Star) – was a title of adoration, with Messianic implications, given him when he emerged as a leader.

We do not know where he was born, nor how old he was or what his private circumstances were before he assumed the leadership. We do know that he was such a powerful figure that the leading sage of the period, Rabbi Akiva, hailed him as the Messiah. If he was the effective head of the uprising from the planning and rearmament stage through the armed conflict, then he must have been a strategist and tactician of the first order.

The personality that emerges from the Bar-Kochba letters to his commanders in the Dead Sea area is stern and often threatening. "I call heaven to witness against me...that I shall put your feet in irons." He displays close concern with logistic matters such as food supplies and transportation. The letters indicate that Bar-Kochba's men observed religious laws, including tithing and the celebration of festivals, punctiliously even in the field.

The fact that the Jews were able to rally round a single leader was the major difference from the Great Revolt of the previous century, when bitterly-divided factions warred with each other inside the walls of Jerusalem even as the Roman army stormed the gates.

THERE WERE two Roman legions in the country when the uprising began, one in Jerusalem and one near Megiddo. Both were defeated by Bar-Kochba's men. Reinforcements were dispatched from Trans-Jordan, Syria and Egypt, but these too were mauled. The legion sent from Egypt, the 22nd, disappeared from the listings of military units published in Rome, and scholars speculate that it was cut up so badly, probably around Lachish, that it ceased to exist as an organized force. The Jews apparently employed guerrilla tactics – foraying from their underground lairs, ambushing convoys and striking at night.

The military successes won the Jews a breathing-space which enabled them to set up at least the rudimentary infrastructure of an independent state in the southern part of the country, including facilities for minting coins. It is these coins, with inscriptions such as "Year One of the Redemption of Israel," which provide some of the most poignant evidence of that desperate bid for freedom. Bar-Kochba himself adopted the title *nasi* (prince).

Neither archeological excavations in Jerusalem nor other evidence offers a clear indication as to whether the rebels captured Jerusalem, which certainly was at the centre of their aspirations, or whether the Romans managed to hang on to it as an enclave.

'For the freedom of Jerusalem' is the inscription on coin (top) *dating back to Bar-Kochba's era.* (Above) *Spanish-born Hadrian's head.*

MEANWHILE, Hadrian in desperation sent for his best commander, Julius Severus, who was engaged in battle at the time in the hills of far-off Wales. Severus brought with him legions from the present-day lands of Britain, Switzerland, Austria, Hungary and Bulgaria.

"By 134," says Herr, "there were 60,000 legionnaires in the country, a fantastic number. Severus realized he had to fight the Jews by their own methods – ambushes, control of water points, night-time actions."

The Roman historian Dio Cassius writes that Severus's preferred tactic was to surround Jewish strongholds and starve them out.

We know of none of the sites at which the two sides met in battle except for the last one – Betar. It is not clear why Bar-Kochba chose to make his last stand there, or whether he was simply trapped in the fortified town. Brief references in Christian and talmudic sources indicate that the siege was a protracted one – well over a year. Severus threw up a siege wall around the city to prevent escapes or surprise forays from it.

The Christian historian Eusebius states that Betar fell because of famine and thirst. When the Romans burst into the city, they massacred everyone they found. In that general carnage, Bar-Kochba too met his death. Although the Romans would continue to pursue surviving rebels in the Judean Desert, the uprising was effectively over.

So badly had the Romans been hurt in the bruising campaign that Severus, upon returning to Rome to report to the Senate on his success, omitted the customary formula, "I and my army are well."

BUT FOR THE Jews, the war had been a catastrophe. Dio Cassius reports the death of 580,000 Jews by Roman swords, in addition to those who died of hunger and disease. Scholars think that the bulk of the Jewish population of Judea was destroyed in battle and in subsequent massacres. Herr believes that the Jews lost a third of their number in the war, perhaps more fatalities than in the Great Revolt – and constituted only half the population of the country when it ended.

For the Jewish survivors, the Bar-Kochba uprising marked the great divide between nationhood and dispersal. Although a vigorous Jewish communal presence reasserted itself in Galilee within a decade, the Jews would by the following century find themselves a minority, and a steadily declining one, in the country that had been theirs for more than a thousand years. For the first time since Joshua and the tribes forded the Jordan after taking leave of Moses, the country ceased to be the Jewish homeland. It would soon cease to be the active centre of world Jewry. Hebrew was no longer a living language, giving way to the Aramaic spoken in the Galilee.

Hadrian had taken his revenge on the Jews by changing the name of the country from Judea to Syria Palestina and destroying what remained of Jerusalem to make way for a pagan city, Aelia Capitolina. On the Temple Mount, where the Jews would never have permitted him entry, he erected a temple to Jupiter and a statue of himself.

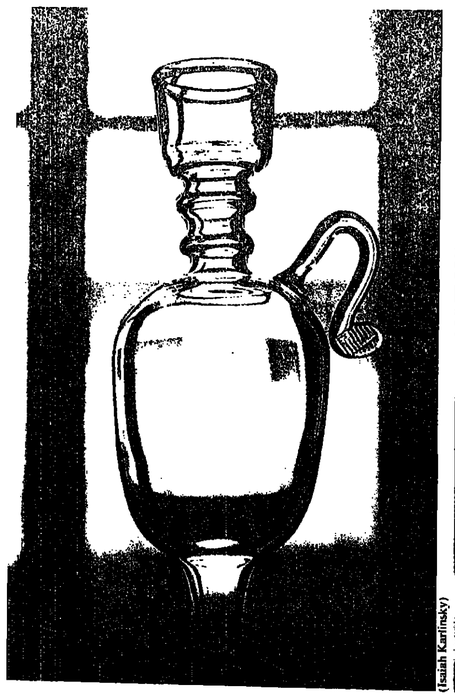
THE TRAUMA of Betar, coming after the trauma two generations earlier of the fall of Jerusalem, effected deep changes in the Jewish people. The stiff-necked, fanatically independent people that did not hesitate to make repeated suicidal lunges at the mightiest superpower in antiquity, seemed to lose its martial instincts.

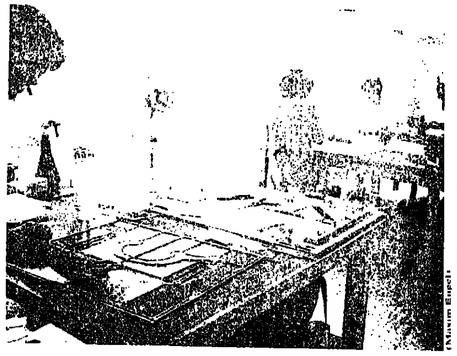
Leaving their homeland to become wanderers among the nations, the Jews became the quintessence of survivors – assigning their national aspirations to the realm of prayer and adapting with great skill to the variety of circumstances in which they found themselves. They would abandon notions of rebellion, pray in synagogues for the well-being of their Gentile rulers, and contribute significantly to the life of their adopted countries.

Even with the re-establishment of the Jewish state and the re-emergence of formidable martial instincts, the trauma of Betar remains a central feature of the national debate between those who think in terms of Israel's historical destiny and see in Bar-Kochba's heroic struggle an inspiration, and those who think in terms of Israel's historical experience and see in that doomed struggle a warning. □

Looking through you

Gallery, studio, store and school – the Silica glass centre is this and more, Marsha Pomerantz discovers.





(Maxim Ergolt)

(Isaiah Karlinsky) (Maxim Ergolt)

NO, THE TWO shattered windows with the lovely spider-web patterns on them are *not* part of the intended decor of Silica, the gallery, studio, store and school for glass housed in a rented warehouse in the Jaffa port. Simply a case of the shoemaker's children going barefoot: there was a break-in a while ago, before the new alarm system was installed, and no one has got around to replacing the panes. Anyway, the inadvertent addition to the gallery seems to be in keeping with a premise that glass ought to be looked *at* as well as looked *through*.

Silica is a private operation, the most serious and ambitious centre for glass work in the country, although there are artists and artisans at other places – including Kibbutz Beit Oren and the Ein Hod artists' colony. And there was a year-long attempt at a glass department at the Bezalel Academy in Jerusalem in the early '70s, but that closed due to lack of interest.

Interest is picking up now – largely because of the activities of two of the three partners. Andy Darby and Moshe Gordon. They have been working in glass for seven years and teaching for six, with Silica in its present format for about a year. Nurit Azulai, a former student, replaced their third partner several months ago.

Formally, each is in charge of a different aspect of the operation: Andy the studio, Gordon – everyone calls him by his last name – the school and Nurit, the administration. Informally, everyone minds everyone else's business, and it seems to work. Says Nurit: "Andy gets a rash when he hears about 'division of labour.'" Still, their personalities, strengths and interests seem to complement each other.

Their courses run throughout the year, with seven teachers, seven assistants and about 100 students at any given time. There are workshops in stained glass, sand-blasting and light glass-blowing or "candlework," at beginners' or advanced levels.

STAINED GLASS is probably the most familiar form of glass work; it has been particularly popular in the U.S., says Andy, though its star seems to have dimmed a bit recently. Projects vary from primitive, copied patterns to complex original designs. The format is – to put it simply – a jig-saw puzzle of coloured and clear glass held together by a frame of soldered lead.

Sand-blasting is the bombardment of the back of a glass slab with sand and compressed air. The effects range from a slight whitening and roughening of the glass to carving in various depths – depending on how persistent you are with the corrosive. The areas not to be treated are covered with tape – more or less the same principle as etching.

The third technique they use is light glass-blowing and candlework – using a bunsen burner to melt, stretch, blow and shape solid rods and/or hollow tubes. This is distinguished from heavy glass-blowing, which uses larger pipes, vats of molten glass and furnaces.

There's less of a demand for glass-blowing courses at the moment – perhaps because they're more expensive, but probably because the technique hasn't caught on yet.

"Catching on" might be a mixed blessing: Silica is a commercial venture as well as a centre for the pursuit and promotion of art and craft. "Our students are potential competitors," as Nurit points out. But so far the staff seem to regard that development as a source of pride more than worry. Some of their former students and current competitors rent out tables and equipment at Silica because they don't have studios of their own.

Andy estimates that 95 per cent of the craftsmen and artists involved in glass in Israel were once their students – and now some of those students are also teaching.

During my visit, a workshop in stained glass was in progress, and I stopped to watch one of the students working on her second project, a rectangular window. It was mounted on a wooden board, two adjoining sides of it in a wooden frame, and she was working from bottom right, placing the glass one piece at a time over the pattern she had drawn, and locking it into place with a strip of soft lead.

The lead looks like an H in cross-section, whose bar separates two edges of glass. As each new piece of glass is added with its lead border, it is held in place by metal nails driven into the board beneath the glass. When it's all finished, the lead is soldered in place at each joint.

But the student was having trouble. A blue arc of glass was taking up just a little more space than that allotted on the pattern underneath. The difference was enough to set the whole combination off and make it too big for its frame. Gordon came to the rescue with a pair of small pliers that nibbled away at the edge of the blue glass, reducing it in size just enough to fit it into the pattern exactly.

Gordon regards himself as a craftsman and teacher rather than an artist. He came to glass after working as a parole officer and a miner (copper at Timna and gold in Australia) among other jobs. He and Andy worked together on theatre sets in Tel Aviv and mining at Timna. Later, Gordon studied glass with an artist in New York, and he and Darby set up a studio together in Tel Aviv about seven years ago.

There was little going on in glass at the time, and "we saw that we would have to teach or remain in a vacuum," he explains.

Gordon teaches the beginners, and his approach is very much hands-on. "People don't want theory and texts," he says. "No talk about line, colour, material. They want to touch the stuff."

ANDY, the art director, later expresses doubt; he wants to "rethink" the direct plunge into materials. "Maybe any academy or body that deals with 'art' has to have a starting point in theory," he says. "If you have the context, the techniques comes. If you have the technique only, you're limited."

When I report Andy's "rethinking" to Gordon, he is not shaken by it. "Yeah," he says, "we've been having this argument for about six years now."

Andy is a native of London who's lived in Israel for 20 years. He has been a painter, sculptor and jeweller, as well as other things: "Each material broadens my world," he says.

He has at least one assemblage in glass hanging in the gallery, and his works in progress occupy odd shelves and dusty corners in the workshops. One design leaning against the wall will consist of glass and metal; blacksmithing is the direction he wants to go in after glass.

"Who knows what kind of synthesis can happen here," he wonders, and you can't help but share his anticipation over the squiggles sketched on silicon.

Though he is more theoretically inclined than Gordon, it is the materials that fascinate him. He sees Silica as a "very physical sort of academy."

In the fall, they're planning to offer courses in "hot glass": such techniques as fusing, which is what it sounds like, and slumping, which is the formation of glass shapes in moulds. Eventually they want to do heavy glass-blowing.

"Hot glass is the kernel," says Andy, then mixes metaphors as readily as he mixes materials. "The ship may go down, but it will go down with hot glass."

Meanwhile, Silica stays afloat above Jaffa port. Nurit credits Andy, who teaches the advanced courses, with the ability to elicit whatever talent the students have. Andy has a more modest view of things: "Everyone has talent. Those we call talented are those in whom it has been discovered. My job is to get rid of the bullshit about 'I can't do it.'"

Where is the border between art and craft, and does it matter? Nurit feels that no art is perfect without craft, and vice versa: no craft is "perfect" without an artistic element. Andy says only that in every art there is an element of craft. The definitions change, he points out. "What we see as art today can become stylized, and eventually craft. That's what happened to Art Nouveau."

Ultimately, it seems, the definitions don't matter. "We're not interested in galleries and reviews and all that blah blah," says Andy. Creativity can exist on many different levels, and depends simply on "drive and openness."

In the studio last month, they were applying their inventiveness to a peculiar exercise in copying. The Lubavitcher Rebbe has had his Brooklyn home reproduced exactly in Kfar Habad. It's a brick structure whose stained-glass windows bear Chinese motifs – apparently reflecting the interests of the original owner. Along with the structure, the defects were also to be reproduced, all from photographs. That includes broken bricks and cracked panes, Andy explains.

Aside from the commission itself there was a small problem of supplies: all glass that they sell in their supply store and use themselves is imported. A shipment of glass for the Lubavitcher project was still in port, waiting to be released, and the project was due to be finished by the next day.

"We've schnorrered from everybody in the country who has glass" says Andy. "And now we're waiting for a miracle.

"This is not art or craft, but a challenge," he grins. We are overcoming insurmountable difficulties." □

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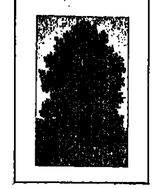

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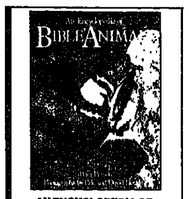

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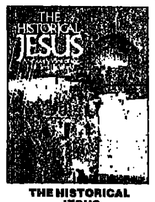

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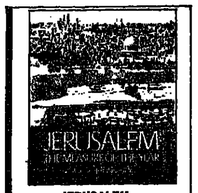

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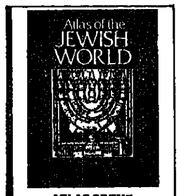

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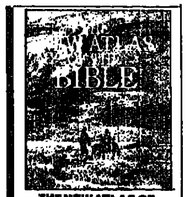

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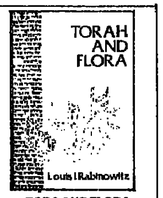

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WHERE EAST SEPARATES FROM WEST

For 25 years, the Berlin Wall has been the grim and ugly reminder of a city – and a nation – divided, John Dornberg reports.

SUNDAY, August 13, 1961, was one that Berliners, Germans, and most of the rest of the world have never forgotten: the day on which the "iron curtain" became real and tangible.

It was just past midnight when East Berliners were jolted out of their sleep by the rumble of tanks and trucks in the darkened streets. Those who looked out of their windows saw convoys of policemen and soldiers moving towards the demarcation line between the eastern and western sectors of the former capital of the German Reich, nearly 180 kilometres inside the territory of Communist East Germany.

Throughout that night troops built barricades and fences, dug up streets and sidewalks. Telephone connections between the city's two halves were cut. East Berlin subway stations with access to trains serving West Berlin were locked.

By morning, the city, whose eastern boroughs had been under Soviet domination and western ones under U.S., British and French control since the end of World War II, was physically divided. Two days later, the barbed-wire obstacles were replaced with slabs of concrete to form the infamous Berlin Wall – an average 3.5 metres high and today more than 160 km. long.

Simultaneously, East Germany reinforced its 1,400-km. frontier with West Germany, installing more barbed wire, electrical fences, tank-traps, watchtowers, road barriers and thousands of deadly land-mines.

Seeing their country being hermetically sealed, thousands of East Germans fled in desperate, daredevil escapes that set new heights in human courage and tragedy.

It was not the first time in history that powerful rulers had built walls to keep their enemies out, but East Germany's were the first to do so to keep their own people in.

THE FACT that the East Germans decided to celebrate the 25th anniversary of this horrendous event for the first time ever may strike many as the epitome of cynicism. But it is also an indication of the regime's growing self-confidence and of the fact that the Berlin Wall, grim and ugly as it is, has become a way of life that people in both Germanys have learned to accept.

"I watched it being built that Sunday," a West German journalist reminisced not long ago, "and if someone had told me then that something so horrid and inhuman would still be in place – even more firmly in place – 25 years later, I would have considered them insane.

"But there it is today, and for an entire generation of Germans – East and West – it is a commonplace. They have grown up with it. People now in their twenties, even early thirties, have never known anything else."

There are sections of Berlin where the Wall literally divides residential streets into East and West. Apartment houses on either side face each other. Life, love, marital spats, family tragedies go on in them. Christmases, New Years, birthdays, wedding anniversaries and other feasts are celebrated in them.

In some spots the buildings are so close to each other that, when windows are open, one can hear the conversations and smell the odours emanating from the kitchens. The tenants on either side speak the same distinct local Berlin dialect. Yet they could just as well be living in two different worlds, for they are as alien to one another as beings from different stars.

BY FAR the strangest site at which to experience this is at the Brandenburg Gate, once the symbol of a haughty empire and of Nazi dictatorship, now that of a city and nation divided.

There are two ways to see the Brandenburg Gate: from West or East. On both sides, within easy camera range, there are viewing platforms where visitors – often VIPs – can gawk at each other. Standing on either side one is struck by the desolation of the site – the wide open spaces where government buildings and embassies once stood, now dotted with guard towers. War damage, yes. Both hot and cold war.

Even more than seeing, one hears: the noise of traffic and daily life of a city once whole, now divided with the parts self-contained. The Wall does not muffle sounds.

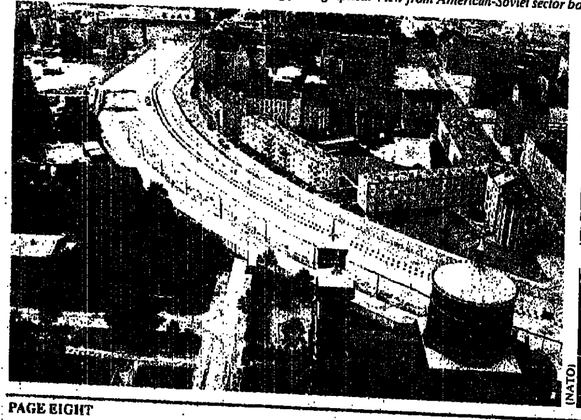
On the Eastern side one can hear the rumble of the subway trains that were once the subterranean lifelines of the city. The subway still runs, but the nearby stations leading to trains that operated between East and West Berlin are closed. One can listen to other things: the honking of automobile horns or the sirens of ambulances in West Berlin, the barking of police dogs on the Eastern side and, at night when distant sounds become amplified, even the conversations of guards on patrol.

WHAT DID the Wall accomplish?

First of all, it halted the mass human exodus that had drained East Germany during the preceding 16 years since the end of World War II.

Originally, when drawn as de-

(Top) *American Wall-walking protestor being photographed. View from American-Soviet sector border, c. 1967* (below, left), *and Checkpoint Charlie crossing point for foreigners* (right).



(NATO)

Savage beauty

Actor John Savage plays a beastly role in a fairy tale.

Focus on film / Pearl Sheffy Gefen

"I'M HAVING a ball," says John Savage. "Nobody likes me, but everybody likes the Beast. I go into my trailer and everybody just barely tolerates me. Then I come out as the Beast and everybody wants to talk to me. I'm somebody else. Or maybe that's the real me."

That's not strictly true. Savage, whose name is a misnomer, is neither savage, beastly or unpopular. The American actor who starred in *Hair*, *The Deer Hunter*, *Maria's Lovers* and *Salvatore* is easy going, friendly, not very articulate, but eminently likeable. He thinks "doing Shakespeare is like being in the Marine Corps," and when asked why he came to Israel, he begins singing *"Tzena, Tzena"* and gets most of the words right.

"Israel is exciting, with lots of historical, archeological, geographical and cultural intrigue," he elaborates, not mentioning the political kind. "It's also sort of beautiful and has nice weather. And I need the work."

No fear of terrorists, which seems to be afflicting so many of his countrymen? "I think most terrorists are people who are out of work," he says.

WE'LL GET back to John Savage and his original thinking later. First, something about the film he is making here, which is, of course, *Beauty and the Beast*. Both he and his Beauty, Rebecca de Mornay, were – separately – the stars of Soviet director Andrei Konchalovsky's first two films in the West, *Maria's Lovers* and *Runaway Train*. Both were produced by Cannon. Now Savage and de Mornay are starring – together – in another Cannon production, the fifth in the series of fairy-tales being made in Israel by the Golan-Globus company.

This latest version of the children's classic, recently seen twice on Israeli television with actors as eminent as George C. Scott and Klaus Kinski interpreting the Beast, was written by Carole Lucia Satrinn and is directed by her husband, Eugene Marner. He received an Emmy for his direction of three episodes of the *Heritage* television series.

The crew and most of the small cast are Israeli, including Yossi Gruber as Beauty's confused father. The film also marks a significant step forward in the careers of two new *olim*, Christine Oren and Jack Messinger.

OREN IS a tall, striking blonde, born in Germany and raised in France. She danced with the Strasbourg Opera Ballet and with several Paris companies while studying for her M.A. in psychology and physical education. She left for New York, appeared as a featured dancer on Broadway in *Oklahoma* and *The American Dance Machine*, and toured with *West Side Story* and *Mame*, among other shows.

Then she met a young Israeli musician, Rami Oren, now a member of the Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra, married him and followed him back to Israel. Along with teaching dance, she began to choreograph. Her first big job was with the earlier fairy-tale film, *Hansel and Gretel*, and her success arranging the dances in that and *Beauty and the Beast* has already led to her signing on as choreographer for Cannon's next fairy-tale, *The Frog Prince*.

MESSINGER is a Canadian actor, writer and director, graduate of the Yale Drama School and veteran of numerous stage, television and film productions. In the nine short months since he immigrated to Israel, he has appeared in five films; directed two plays at Tel Aviv University and the Seminar Hakibbutzim, where he also teaches; and married Marra, another Canadian immigrant who is cultural affairs officer at the Canadian Embassy.

His acting role in *Beauty and the Beast* is his biggest in Israel so far. He describes it as Beauty's "boisterous, rowdy brother in a family of self-centred siblings, with Beauty the only exception in this typically

(Continued on page C)

هكذا من الأصل

Band Aid, Hear'n Aid

"HONESTLY, I wish he'd just get on with the reviews instead of bombarding us, week after week, with his insipid attempts at humour."

"I know. It's a wonder he gets away with it really. Still, you said he's quitting soon."

"Not before time. I mean look at the way he reviewed that new Bryan Ferry/Roxy Music album. What's it called?"

"*Streetlife?*"

"Yeah, *Streetlife*, that's the one. Anyway he goes on and on about what a great band Roxy Music was, and how old Bryan's the king of cool, but he doesn't even bother to tell us that there's tracks right through from 'Virginia Plain' to last year's 'Slave to Love.'

"Couldn't even find half a column inch to say that 'Jealous Guy,' Ferry's tribute to Lennon, winds up the whole double album in great style. The man's clearly a disaster."

"I'm just grateful he hasn't got his grubby little paws on The Cure's *Standing On A Beach*."

"You what?"

"You know, Harry, The Cure. Don't you remember, da da dee dum da dee dee dum, 'In Between Days,' right?"

"Oh, yeah, right, da da da dee, course I remember."

"Now there's an album I'd really recommend. Thirteen tracks spanning eight years of weird and wonderful pop. They've never made it big, of course, too subtle for the masses. But I spotted them right back at the start. Saw them live in our local when they didn't even have a recording contract. Those were the days, I tell you."

"Sure, right. But what do you think of the new Style Council collection, *Home and Abroad*. I mean, I love Paul Weller, and this has got all the hits on it, hasn't it? 'Ever Changing Moods,' 'Walls Come Tumbling Down,' 'Internationalists.' The lot. Brilliant, eh?"

"Leave it out, Harry, me old son. It's a blooming rip-off, that's what it is. Old Paul Weller spouting off all the time about jobs for the unemployed, and down with Maggie and the capitalists. He's got a cheek putting out a greatest hits when he's only made two proper albums. Who does he think he's kidding? He won't get my dough, that's for sure. Honest Harry, I'm surprised at you."

"Yeah, well, I suppose you're right. I never liked the Style Council much anyway, come to think of it."

"That's better, lad. You save your shekels for something a bit more laudable, knowworrimean. Something like *Hear'n Aid*."

"Sorry, didn't quite catch that. Here'n who?"

"*Hear'n Aid*, son. Cor, sounds like you need one yourself. Never heard of it, I'll bet. Course that half-wit in *The Jerusalem Post* hasn't either, and anyway, he never puts in a word about heavy metal. *Hear'n Aid*'s like *Band Aid*, see, another charity record, except it's by Dio, Kiss, Motorhead, Motley Crue, and all those other leather-jacketed, paint-faced guitar heroes. They've even got Jimi Hendrix in there somewhere, though how they raised him back up certainly beats me. Still, amazing what they can do in a good cause."

"How come you know so much about all these records then, Sid?"

"Simple, Harry, my boy. The laddie passes all the albums on to me when he's finished with them. Says he hasn't got the space for them all."

"Is that right? He didn't give you the new Big Country or Julian Lennon albums, did he? Coz I'd love to hear them."

"Wasting your time, lad. Two of the disappointments of the year. That Big Country bumpkin's still playing the bagpipes, and Julian's run right out of inspiration."

"Oh, they're not that bad, are they?"

"Straight up. Julian's *Secret Art of Daydreaming* is pretentious pap, given a slick production, but with all the sincerity taken out. And Big Country's *The Seer* sounds just like their first two albums. Nothing new, not one track on which Stuart Adamson goes for a different guitar sound."

"Well, aren't there any decent new albums?"

"The new Joe Cocker's pretty good if you like that sort of thing. Songs by Randy Newman and Marvin Gaye. And the soundtrack to Molly Ringwald's new film, *Pretty in Pink*, has a couple of good tracks, by Orchestral Manoeuvres and Suzanne Vega."

"I suppose it'll be ages before we get to read about those in the paper."

"Like I said, son, we may never read about them at all. I heard that this week's his last column."

"Well, I just hope he remembers to give a plug to this year's 11th Jacob's Ladder Folk Festival, at Kibbutz Machanayim in the Upper Galilee on August 22. I hear there'll be English, Irish and Scottish folk groups, bluegrass, country, blues and rock, not to mention plenty of nosh and beer."

"Sounds great. How do you get hold of tickets?"

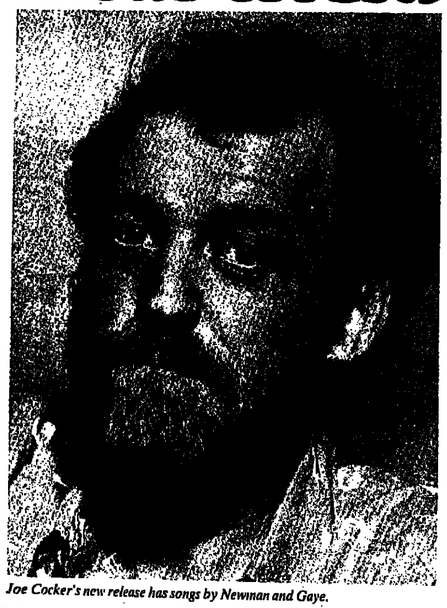
"Phone the organizers on 069-37115, but not too early in the morning."

"Well, I'm glad you told me about that, Harry. I doubt if he'd have remembered to write about it."

"Still, Fridays won't be quite the same without him, you know Sid."

"Na, good riddance, that's what I say. Good riddance." □

DAVID HOROVITZ



Joe Cocker's new release has songs by Newman and Gaye.

Motown musts

AFTER 25 years of promoting mainly black music, the Motown recording company has released a real treat: a double-album spanning a quarter century of number one hits. Twenty-five hits take us back on a delicious trip of nostalgia to the time when rhythm and blues made the world go round.

The renewed delight of hearing forgotten golden oldies like "Please Mr. Postman" (The Marvelettes), "Reach Out I'll be There" (The Four Tops), and "Don't Leave Me This Way" (Thelma Houston) is guaranteed to grab anyone who grew up in the '60s. But it's also gratifying just to plunge back into the original rhythm and blues, before it turned into disco, funk and God knows what else.

Stars like Stevie Wonder, Diana Ross, Smokey Robinson, Marvin Gaye, Lionel Richie and even Michael Jackson began their way to stardom with the hits on this album. They moulded pop music in their image and made it what it is today. Amazingly enough, hits like "I Heard It Through The Grapevine" (Marvin Gaye), "Superstition" (Stevie Wonder) and some of the Supremes' old hits still sound fresh and touching today. They are the stuff pop rock is made of. And what love ballad can top "Endless Love" – the duet by Diana Ross and Lionel Richie?

Like classical collections of famous stars, *25 Number One Motown Hits* (Eastronics) is a must for every collector, documenting the history of pop music as it documents our own collective experience. Just put it on the turntable and see how everyone's eyes light up in turn, as the golden hits croon out of the speakers.

WE'VE been waiting and waiting and holding our breath – and finally it's here. After two platinum albums which blazed a white trail to the top of the disco charts, Madonna's new album, *True Blue* (Hed Arzi), is out.

We've been forewarned that the new album, co-produced by the 28-year-old star, who also co-wrote all the songs, brings us a new Madonna. Gone are the weird, hippy, street-urchin clothes, for Madonna has changed her image and has adopted the style of the '40s.

WHAT A let-down, therefore, to hear the album, which apart from the Monroe-like portrait of Madonna on the jacket, bears no resemblance at all to the '40s. In fact, Madonna is much her old, bouncy, saccharin-pop self.

The album is as energetic, catchy and danceable as ever with its sweet pop songs. Perhaps the range is wider. "Live To Tell," the theme song from husband Sean Penn's latest film, *At Short Range*, is actually a ballad. "True Blue" and "Jimmy Jimmy" could have been taken right out of the '60s. In short, it's a party record, made for dancing. If you expected anything more, you're in for a fall. That's what the fans wanted, and that's what they deserve. After all, can 10 million fans – who bought Madonna's two previous albums – be wrong?

"He sounds as though he hasn't changed a bit since he sang with Underground Velvet," a disappointed friend complained after listening to Lou Reed's new album *Mistrial* (Eastronics). Well, if Reed sounds like his old, off-beat self, he certainly had a good time doing it. "I produced it with my bass player Fernando Saunders. We just wanted to get a good rock'n'roll thing going," Reed told *Rolling Stone* in April. "I used just about every guitar in my collection. Recording this record was more fun than anything I've done. It was a real ball! And it was *legal!* I can't believe it."

Maybe the caliph of cool (as Reed is nicknamed) is into his old rap act, but what can you expect? "It's the most I can do with a three-note range," he says. Those who like his style will enjoy his razor-sharp, streetwise cool, his cynical barbs aimed at "Politics of Greed" and "Video Violence" – to name just two tracks on the album. "The Original Wrapper" is another lovely number which wraps up politics, social protest, junk food and racism all in one package.

IF GTR (Hed Arzi) reminds you of Genesis and Yes, don't be surprised. Its co-leaders and co-composers, Steve Hackett and Steve Howe, were formerly the guitarists of Genesis and Yes, respectively. With their impressive careers and solo works, Hackett and Howe join here to form a veritable guitar army. There's lots of heavily textured guitar work, and gutsy, long instrumental pieces with plenty of powerful singing by lead vocalist Max Bacon. Howe, Hackett and Phil Spalding provide background vocals. Spalding also plays bass guitar while Jonathan Mover is on drums and percussion. The result is a very "together," slick, energetic album, bringing the best of good, solid mainstream rock. The only thing you won't find here is anything original or new. It sounds like it's all been done before. □

MICHAL YUDELMAN

(Clockwise from left) *Michael Jackson, GTR, and Lou Reed.*

Focus on film *(Continued from page A)*

upwardly-mobile family. It is she who learns to probe beneath the surface to discover true beauty in this subliminal tale of appearance versus reality."

BEAUTY HERSELF is a 25-year-old American of French, Finnish, English and Russian ancestry, who spent most of her youth travelling around the world with her mother. Rebecca de Mornay became a star in the hit film *Risky Business*, and followed it with a flop, Neil Simon's *The Slugger's Wife*, which, she says, "didn't hurt my career, just my ego."

In order to break the monotony of playing call-girls and glamorous singers, she bulldozed her way into *Runaway Train*, which changed her image drastically. "Konchalovsky didn't even want to meet me," she giggles, "so I used *chutzpa* to get in and convince him."

She appeared with Oscar-winning Geraldine Page, "who's an oddball like me," in *The Trip to Bountiful*. She films her next movie in Poland, "where I get to play a schizophrenic," she gloats.

For now, she sees Beauty "not as the traditional passive beauty, but a more practical, self-assured and independent girl – shades of women's lib – who learns to see with the heart. And that's easy with John Savage, who's a real actor, and not like some others who mainly react."

THE BEAST is a change for Savage after playing a series of tragic soldiers. In Milos Forman's *Hair*, his best friend dies in Vietnam in his place. In *Deer Hunter*, he gets his legs blown off in that same unhappy country; and in *Maria's Lovers* he returns from World War II as a confused, impotent veteran, married to voluptuous Nastassia Kinski.

He found the erotic scenes in that film very difficult, not just because he's shy, but "because it's difficult to be impotent with Nastassia Kinski! She found it difficult too, but that was one of her best performances, and I think I had a good deal to do with it. I wouldn't want to put pressure on anybody," he hints broadly, his blue eyes sparkling, "but I would be very willing to work with her again."

Neither *Deer Hunter* nor *Hair*, he feels was a political picture. "What they did was give people a chance to purge themselves of that emotional experience of a war that was hard to understand. *Maria's Lovers* helped a lot of World War II veterans too, I think, including my father and other men I grew up admiring.

"Their problem was that they had locked up that part of their lives, and a lot of men are still institutionalized because of their inability to deal with it. All my young days, my father, who was a marine in the Pacific, kept a photo album of his experiences at Iwo Jima. But he kept it hidden and he'd never let me look at it. When he saw my films, he was able to open up a little more."

JOHN SAVAGE was born in Old Bethpage, New York, of ancient Dutch stock. His father is an insurance salesman who used to write, and his mother a singer. He became independent at 14.

"I didn't run away, I just went up to Vermont to work on a farm for a while, living with my aunt and uncle. Then I went off to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York, where I got a scholarship. I also sang in nightclubs. I sang in *Hair* and I sing a little in *Beauty and the Beast*, but I'm too lazy to be a professional singer.

"You know who's a great singer? The actor Robert Duvall. He's married to my sister, who's a really sweet singer, and when we get together, we have the most beautiful singing sessions."

John married at 17, and though he's now divorced, he doesn't regret a thing. He has not remarried, "not yet." He has two children, a daughter of 17 and a son of 16. Both are with him in Israel, his son on a kibbutz.

"I was married very young and had children very young and I'm still very young, unfortunately," he says. "I'm eager to grow up a bit. It's not happening as quickly as I'd like to."

SAVAGE regrets "not having more education. I'm interested in a lot of things. I love art and music and theatre and literature, especially the early American essayists like Ralph Waldo Emerson."

HE WANTED to act from the time he was about five, "and I think I've been very lucky, always. I've had nothing but breaks. I've had great experiences and others less great, and my work has been even more fulfilling."

Most of his roles have been serious. "I love tragedy, I love humour, and I love humanity. I think humanity is really humorous tragedy. I find a great deal of pathos in life. It's so easy to take a position with hate and anger.

"I sometimes wish that all fights could actually be held in a ring, where anger could be expressed blow by blow. With all the frustration and misunderstanding there is in the world, let's work it out face to face, not get so complicated with computerized missile sites and whatever."

After playing anti-heroes while that was the fashion in films, what does he think about the trend back to the super-heroes, with the Chuck Norris and Sylvester Stallone type of vehicle?

"It's entertainment, and it fills certain audience needs. I don't take it all that seriously. I don't think anyone does. I think Stallone is a great guy, one of the most amazing young men in the film business, a very funny, sensitive, interesting kind of guy. He isn't anything like his characters."

SAVAGE is more excited by film than theatre now. "Film is more difficult. The different technical areas, the camera work, the lighting, it all amazes and excites me and I'm just starting to appreciate all the different ways to approach it.

"The stage is good training. Regular theatre is like going to the gym, and doing Shakespeare is like being in the Marine Corps." I gasp at this unusual definition. He grins. "Well, you know, it's all that training, all that thought in every sentence, the emotional involvement, the physical energy and exercise you need just to cope with it."

He promptly proceeds to recite Mercutio's most famous speech from *Romeo and Juliet*. His diction is excellent. "I've played both Mercutio and Romeo," he comments.

He has been familiar with Jews all his life. He joined the Broadway production of *Fiddler on the Roof* shortly before Zero Mostel left the cast, playing the Russian who marries the youngest daughter, Chava.

"I grew up on Long Island," he explains. "Old Bethpage is a name from the Bible. It was an open environment, a great neighbourhood with great teachers, so there was a lot of curiosity, and people were open and sharing. I'd sing in the Catholic church sometimes, then I'd check out the synagogue with my friends there, and I'd go back to sing in the Dutch Reformed church.

"That open society is the best part of living in the United States. Or at least it should be." □

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Joel Kantor: Photographs of Israel (Barbara & Isidore M. Cohen Gallery).
One Hundred Works on Paper from the Museum's Collection (Spertus Hall - closes Aug. 30).
Art in Context — Audio Visual program of development of Israel Art (Spertus Hall).
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From the Depths of the Sea — Ancient cargoes from the Carmel Coast. Archaeological (Rockefeller) Museum.
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EVENTS.

SPECIAL EVENTS

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AT HOME – AWAY FROM HOME

Director in exile Lubimov (left), *and wedding scene from the current Habimah production of* The Sunset.

LATE MORNING. Director Yuri Lubimov sits in the foyer cafe of Habimah, the national theatre, drinking white wine with ice. It is the only way to beat a hangover, he says. He was up until 4 a.m. drinking with friends.

Exiled from the Soviet Union – not a Jew – he didn't know what a concentration of friends he had in Israel. The Russian intelligentsia came to greet him with tears in their eyes, according to the theatre spokeswoman. And they've come from Haifa, Jerusalem and Rehovot to see his production of Isaac Babel's *The Sunset*.

"Even Israeli directors say the hand of an artist is apparent in the production," says actor Yossi Banai, who has stopped by to be introduced and to pay his compliments.

"They can be generous because I'm leaving," grins Lubimov, speaking through an interpreter.

No, Banai insists, the admiration is genuine. "Usually they see a production and say, 'What, for *that* they had to bring someone from abroad?' "

Sunset is the story of an aging, earthy Jewish carter from Odessa who tries to sell his business and run off with his lover to Bessarabia, the symbol of heaven on earth. When his sons, one a hussar, the other a dandy, find out they're being done out of their inheritance, they beat their father, break his spirit and take over the family business, with him around as a walking corpse.

LUBIMOV sets up a series of cleanly-crafted tableaux that appear and disappear behind a curtain of light. His experience at La Scala, Covent Garden and the Paris Opera are evident in the way he weaves music – albeit a very different kind of music – into the production, partly in the form of a wandering female minstrel (Hanna Roth). He elicits a stirring and sensual performance from Yossi Pollak, the lead, particularly in a sloshy pub scene.

"There are real carters like that in Odessa," says Lubimov. "If you go into a tavern, put away glass after glass of vodka, and then take an olive, they'll say, 'What, did you come here to eat?' "

HE LOVES Babel's work, but the play was actually chosen by artistic director Omri Nitzan. Lubimov finds the play somewhat fragmentary, and more pessimistic and more symbolic than many of Babel's stories. "Perhaps the Soviets had sniffed something in his work by then," says Lubimov. "Babel foresaw his own fate and the fate of his people."

"The tragedy of the play is that it a... Odessa slang," he says, though he has been told that the translation by Nili Mirsky is a very good one. "I tried to convey to the actors that in Odessa people never speak normally. They say everything upside down." The interpreter's example in Hebrew sounds reminiscent of Cockney slang, at least in the sense that you say what you don't mean.

In some circles, Lubimov has the reputation of being a tyrant in his direction, but as Yossi Banai points out, the theatre is not a democracy. He personally would be glad to translate with his body anything Lubimov told him to do. But, says Banai, adopting a suitably morose expression, "Israeli actors look as if they've just swallowed mothballs, and come to work with a sour face."

Lubimov: "All actors are like that. Rehearsals in the morning, a show at night, day after day. Only English actors are different. They demand more rehearsals."

In fact, Lubimov divides actors roughly into two types: those who will do anything, and those who take it hard when told that a sentence must be spoken "just so."

"Actors sometimes forget they're actors, not the director." He always shows them maquettes of the set and has them listen to the music, so that they'll understand the concept of the play as he envisions it. "But if I tell all, the *wunderkind* will be no *wunder* when it finally comes into the world. And every parent wants his child to be special."

THE EXILE says he feels at home in Israel. Not only because of the Russian population here, but also because Habimah had its roots in Moscow. Some nostalgia penetrates the conversation from time to time: about Yevgeni Vakhtangov, the young Armenian protégé of Konstantin Stanislavski who helped shape the original Habimah company and whose 1922 production of *The Dybbuk* is legendary.

Does anything remain of Habimah's original Russian tradition?

"Don't you want me to be invited back?" jokes Lubimov.

A theatre is a constellation around one person, he explains. The Globe died with Shakespeare, and Sam Wanamaker's current effort to revive it seems to him "a little eccentric."

Perhaps a theatre can't develop without the guiding force of a single director. But can a single director – Lubimov, say – develop his own work without the theatre?

"Yes," he replies. "If I had done *Sunset* in a theatre of my own, it would have been the same production." True, it's important to develop working relationships among the actors and designers, but he doesn't think that is the crucial determining factor.

LUBIMOV'S CLASH with the Soviet authorities occurred when he was in London in 1983, directing a stage version of *Crime and Punishment*. After a Korean plane was downed over Siberia, he gave an interview to *The Times* which was critical of the Soviet authorities. They summoned him back immediately, and he refused to go – saying that he had to complete rehearsals, and in any case was in bad health and needed some treatment.

"They said, 'You'll get treatment in Russia,' and I said, 'You get cured in Russia, and I'll take my cure here,' " he recalls, with no small satisfaction at his riposte, however much he suffered.

He was officially declared an enemy of the people by Chernienko, and has since required intermittent physical protection. Though he is acclaimed for his work in major theatres of the world, he has no home, and no language – at least no verbal language – other than Russian.

In the "red city" of Bologna, he says, he was prevented from working because the Soviets threatened to withhold all arts exchanges if Lubimov were permitted to direct in the opera house there. Former French culture minister Jacques Lang wanted to give Lubimov a theatre in Paris, "but the communists protested. 'Why do we need a man here who will get five times a worker's salary?' they wanted to know. Well, the world is big even without France."

From Tel Aviv he goes on to Stockholm to work with Ingmar Bergman's cast. He is also going to direct in the U.S. for the first time – in Washington, Chicago and Boston.

Our conversation is interrupted several more times. Besides Banai, he has a visit from Nina Mikhoels, widow of the Russian Yiddish actor Solomon Mikhoels, who was killed by Stalin; from a local Russian journalist waiting for a few words with him; from a fan who just wants to say hello and snap his photo.

Yes, Lubimov hopes to return to this peculiar home-away-from-home at some point in the future. There is even talk about a particular production, and he's meeting with the translator in a few minutes. But he prefers to keep the details out of print. "I'm a little superstitious," he says. □

OASIS IN THE SUMMER FILM DESERT

Ally Sheedy: showing the stamina to survive outside the closed circuit of teenage movies.

CONSIDERING this summer's arid filmscape, one pot-boiler worse than the next, *Short Circuit* looms as a kind of entertainment giant. It wouldn't have rated so high in other circumstances, but it is without any doubt a cute little movie with plenty of amusing gags, both in the story and in the dialogue.

John Badham's new movie is a vast improvement on his last effort, *American Flyer*. A combination of harmless war games and ET on wheels, packed with tributes to everybody and everything, from George Raft and the Three Stooges to his own *Saturday Night Fever*, *Short Circuit* unfolds its naive story in a smooth and pleasant fashion, not terribly original but refreshing enough.

The ominous introduction tends to be somewhat misleading. A beautiful lawn, covered with fragile flowers, is crushed under heavy tank chains, disturbing the idyllic silence with their deafening rumble. Facing the armoured attack are some miserable old-fashioned fortifications, obviously doomed to be destroyed. Then, several strange periscopes emerge from behind the piles of sand-filled sacks. They emit deadly rays and, one by one, the attackers are pulverized.

THAT'S ABOUT as far as the serious element of the film goes before switching to light satire. The periscopes, once their job is done, emerge from their positions and turn out to be some sort of sophisticated robots, clever machines moving on wheels and exceptionally well disciplined, that could constitute the armies of tomorrow. The audience that has been watching the manœuvers applauds, and the head of the project proudly introduces the new $11m. toys that could change the face of future wars.

The party moves to the reception rooms of Nova, the development centre of the new invention, there to be waited on by the kid brothers of the mighty robots, who have been trained to handle lighter jobs, such as mixing cocktails, serving sandwiches and throwing out the garbage.

Meanwhile, the five steel warriors are recharged, and that's where the accident happens. A thunderbolt strikes the electricity circuit, and Robot No. 5 gets such a shock that it becomes a living being, not just a machine that can be switched off.

As if this weren't bad enough, the newly-born mutant – more than machine, less than human – is left to roam the Oregon countryside alone, which supplies the reason for a chase that takes up the rest of the picture. Number Five, as he is familiarly referred to, finds refuge in the home of a young woman who thinks for a while that he is a Martian, to be added to her large collection of pets. There he goes through all the encyclopedias in her library, feeds himself on a 24-hour diet of TV, and develops a personal vocabulary of his own, at first rather shaky, but improving all the time.

THE ARMY, however, is on his trail. The army may be stupid, but it is as persistent as a bulldog that has set its mind on a bone. Also on his tracks are the young scientist who invented him and his Hindu assistant, but their intentions are not as lethal as those of the men in uniform.

It takes some time for Number Five to convince the others that he's really alive and not an inanimate thing made of circuits, nuts and bolts. He has to bring the young woman flowers and sweep her off her feet with the dancing technique he picked up from Travolta before she perceives the soul behind the steel. Not until he explodes into peals of laughter at one of the scientist's bad jokes is the latter convinced that his contraption has indeed a mind of its own.

As for the army, you just have to sell them an illusion and make them believe they have won their battles in order to get them off your back, as Number Five is quick to learn.

Badham has made some clever choices that contribute enormously to the effectiveness of this picture. First of all, he hasn't even tried to make the robot look human at any stage of the game. This is obviously a machine, but that makes it all the more amusing and smart, without the coyness of something like *D.A.R.Y.L.*, which propounded a similar idea. He also never dwells too much on the philosophical aspects of the story, things such as conscience, soul, responsibility. That would have spoiled the fun and after all, no one had another *Blade Runner* in mind here.

While the movie does make fun of the military establishment and its single-minded fixation on destruction at all costs, this is never taken further than gentle chiding. The bumbling officer is more grotesque than villainous and so are his men.

The best gags are the purely comic ones, with no other intention than to make you laugh. Whether it's the careful way Number Five's movements are orchestrated to deliver the kind of acting you'd expect from an experienced trouper, the use of different tones of voice, imitating television inspiration; or the scene in which he rewires some of the other robots to behave in a most indecorous way, just like the Three Stooges.

Verbally, most of the laughs are handed to Fisher Stevens, as the Hindu who says his family originated in Pittsburgh, not quite the capital of India. Steve Guttenberg, who looked so forlorn in *Police Academy III*, returns here to his more comfortable *Cocoon* identity; and Ally Sheedy shows she has the stamina to survive outside the closed circuit of teenage movies. And finally, there is Austin Pendelton in another of his caricatures, as the scientist who has sold out to the businessman in him. A typical case of schizophrenia for the scholars of the late 20th century. □

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DON'T let them fool you. Couscous, however evocative the name is of romance in Rabat, intrigue in Ifrane, Bogart in Casablanca, is really nothing but semolina. And semolina is just about what I had enough of in the first five years of my life. So even though I enjoy Moroccan cuisine more perhaps than any other, I never order couscous.

Here it came uninvited. It was served on a separate platter, accompanying both my companion's chicken *tajine* (casserole) and my mixed grill. Apart from including chickpeas, it had nothing to soften my (very personal) hostility to the hard wheat. The chicken, I am sorry to say, tasted as though it had been plain boiled, not casseroled, and the almond-raisin-onion sauce had been added, instead of being the cooking agent.

The mixed grill would have been merely a skewer of shishlik and a kabab, had I not asked particularly for *mergues* (spiced sausage), to which I am partial. The shishlik could well have been lamb instead of the turkey which has become more normal in Israel. It was suitably fatty, tender and sweet. The kabab was not the Balkan-style sausage shape but like a flat rissole. It was as stodgy as the shishlik was light and resembled a flying saucer unable to take off. The sausage had little flavour, other than pepper.

The hors d'oeuvre had not been much to write home about, either. My mixed "Aliza" salad was slightly peppery but otherwise of little taste: a tomato concoction, some carrot and a cabbage salad with mint. My companion's "cigars" and pastils were likewise bland, although the pastry was well-done, fresh and crisp, if a little greasy.

For dessert, we shared almond cake which turned out to be something between baclava and strudel. It was tasty, but unsatisfactory, being neither the one nor the other. It lacked the fruitiness of the Viennese and the honey of the Turkish sweet.

We concluded respectively with a Turkish coffee and a mint tea, both above average.

The bill, NIS 60, including service – but without tip.

This included a half-bottle of wine. No, it was, in fact, a quarter of two bottles. Our glasses were filled at the table with a meaty Montfort Cabernet Sauvignon. But the second glass was of a different, and inferior, product.

This was symbolic of Au Sahara. The closed street door, darkened windows, lighting through brass lanterns and candles and, dimly, through a tessellated ceiling, neatly clothed and attractively set tables, menu in three languages, the display of Moroccan Jewish bric-a-brac, original water colours of Moroccan scenes, banquettes and a general quietude all suggested a sumptuous, or even exotic, repast.

Alas, the cuisine was *populaire*, the wine glasses dirty (visibly so even in the dim light), the service inordinately slow for the simplicity of the dishes and the portions not generous. The bill was, accordingly, too high.

But there was still an air of mystery about the place. Some unsavoury-looking characters who seemed habitues were politely told they were not welcome just then when they sidled in late in the evening, and at our next table a cabal of politicians, at home in the surroundings, were discussing party affairs in subdued tones. They included an MK recently back from a mission in his native land, a high-up in the prisons service, and a former MK busy in Jerusalem. The atmosphere muffled their conversation.

I have described Au Sahara as a half-empty glass. Perhaps that is unfair. The price was a little expensive for the food and level of service. But the atmosphere was a bonus rather than a trap. It would make dining out more worth the money if all "popular" restaurants were to add a special atmosphere. The cost is not great and is mainly one-time. Attention to decor and to other distinguishing touches adds more than trimmings in the kitchen towards a pleasanter meal. □

P.S. The Japanese "prawn substitute" I mentioned last week, known as *zahavit* in Hebrew, is in fact pollack, or pollock, an exotic Pacific Ocean cousin of the common Atlantic and North Sea cod.

TV & radio highlights Greer Fay Cashman

First-class entertainment

Annabel Leventon and Robin Ellis in tonight's late movie.

AT LAST, after all the promises, we really are going to see the long-awaited sequel to the *Yes, Minister* series. *Yes, Prime Minister*, by the same witty writing team, Jonathan Lynn and Antony Jay, and starring the two magnificently tongue-in-cheek and foot-in-mouth actors, Nigel Hawthorne and Paul Eddington, who endeared themselves so much to audiences in the earlier series, begins at 9:30 on Monday.

This is not the only first-class British series commencing next week. The highly-acclaimed documentary series *End of Empire*, a 14-part-series that took five years to make, tells the story of Britain's transfer of power over a 33-year period to 49 newly-independent nations. Until August 15, 1947, Britain governed the largest and most populous empire in the world. That empire began to shrink when India and Pakistan were accorded independence. The last to achieve it was Southern Rhodesia, known since April 1980 as Zimbabwe. Half a century earlier, half the globe was directly or indirectly governed by Britain, France, Holland, Portugal and Belgium. By 1980, the grandeur of all these empires had dissipated. Only small residues remained. Granada Television limited its engrossing saga to the British Empire alone. The front row seat to the unfolding of contemporary history awaits your presence at 6:32 on Tuesday.

BUT FIRST THINGS first. In store at 4:30 this afternoon is the return of *Buck Rogers*, the space pilot projected 500 years in time to the 25th century. This afternoon's episode is entitled *Space Vampire*. The series replaces *The A-Team*.

At 9:15 tonight, a galaxy of home-grown entertainers including among others Yardena Arazi, Ilana Avital, Yizhar Cohen, Avi Toledano and Yehuda Poliker appear under the banner *From Ashkelon with Love*. The show was filmed in the Ashkelon Holiday Village.

The feature film at 10:05 is *Nevada Smith*, directed by Henry Hathaway; and with a cast that includes Steve McQueen, Karl Malden, Brian Keith, Arthur Kennedy, Suzanne Pleshette and Martin Landau. It is the story of Max, the half-breed son of a white father and an Indian mother, whose parents are murdered by three gunmen. He swears to avenge their death and doggedly tracks down the killers. The main element of the film is the effect on Max's character of his relentless pursuit.

THIS YEAR marks the 10th anniversary of Jewish settlement in Samaria. Some of the personalities behind the movement, who are still active in community life in Samaria, will be interviewed at 8:30 tomorrow evening. Also appearing on the programme will be the Samaria regional choir.

A rerun of the 75th anniversary celebrations of Tel Aviv, previously screened a little over a year ago, will be shown at 9:30 tomorrow. The programme features leading entertainers and public figures such as Nurit Galron, Yaffa Yarkoni, Shmuel Rodensky (whose own 75th birthday programme was rescreened two weeks ago), Raphael Klatzkin, Sari Tzuriel, Yehoram Gaon, Shlomo Lahat, former U.S. ambassador Sam Lewis, Teddy Kollek, Egyptian Charge d'Affaires Mohamed Bassiouni, and Lova Eliav.

And for those who believe that good things are worth waiting for, at 11:20 there's a Yorkshire Television production, *Demons*. Starring Robin Ellis, Gary Bond, Annabel Leventon, Janet Key and Lally Bowers. The story is about a couple who live happily together in unmarried bliss until one of the woman's former lovers appears on the scene. His return is a prelude to the surfacing of the demons of obsession, jealousy and frustration.

EDUCATIONAL Television gives us a morning feature film, *The Three Kisses*, at 10:50 on Sunday. The BBC production, based on a little-known short story, *Malvina of Brittany*, by Jerome K. Jerome, is about the inability of the residents of Caryford to accept the truth of the legend that if a fairy is kissed three times, she will become human. Their rather mischievous and scantily-clad fairy is Malvina. Pretty and impulsive, she leads the locals a merry dance. The film stars Natalie Ogle and Richard Murdoch.

Later in the day at 4 o'clock, Educational TV brings us Matti Caspi in his own show, *Songs That Are Loved*. This was Caspi's first television special after a long hiatus during which he made only guest appearances in other people's shows.

Opera lovers may want to tune in even earlier at 2:15 to hear Joan Sutherland sing excerpts from *Faust*.

Duke Ellington fans who can manage to stay home on Monday morning will be rewarded by the memorial concert held in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, in tribute to the late Duke Ellington and his music. To most people, Ellington was synonymous with jazz, but he also composed religious music, which is the essence of Monday's 10:55 programme compered by Rod Steiger.

ROY SHROEDER starts as Robbie in the poignant feature film, *Two Kinds of Love*, which can be seen at 2:15 on Tuesday. Eight-year-old Robbie is very much attached to his mother but doesn't get on too well with his father. When his mother dies, Robbie blames his father, against whom he pours out the full bitterness of his grief. He goes to live with relatives, and only after much soul-searching does he make peace with his father.

If children don't know everything there is to know about their parents, parents often know even less about their children. When Yorkshire CID officer Ronald Craven's daughter Emma is shot and dies in his arms, his colleagues interpret her murder as an act of vengeance by someone whom Craven once arrested. However, he discovers that his daughter worked for a secret ecological group and that her murder has nothing to do with him. His investigation leads him into a mysterious world of international espionage. The BBC's six-part thriller, *Edge of Darkness*, written by Troy Kennedy Martin, stars Bob Peck. The series begins at 10:20 p.m. on Tuesday.

COMPARATIVELY recent history is recaptured on the screen at 11 o'clock on Wednesday morning with part one of the series, *The Invasion of Czechoslovakia*. The documentary reconstructs the events leading up to the incursion by Russian and other Warsaw Pact troops, and conveys the attitudes of Czech leaders to the conquering forces.

The suspense thriller, *Blow Out*, at 10:05 on Wednesday stars John Travolta and Nancy Allen. Travolta plays Jack Terri, a television newsman who, out on a recording job, sees a car out of control after a tire-burst, and plunging into a river. Terri dives into the water, and rescues one of the two passengers. When he plays his tape at the studio, he hears the unmistakable sound of a gunshot. Terri is convinced that the other occupant of the car did not die by accident and that he has a murder on his hands. But he has a tough time proving it.

The second in the four-part Thursday night series *Visiting Card* will be screened at 11:10. The series is designed to present the works of promising graduates and final-year students of this country's film and television schools.

ON ISRAEL Radio's Network One at 11:05 tonight, Yitzhak Livni chats with Haifa Mayor Arye Gurel and asks him whether he has a complex about his dim image compared with that of his Jerusalem and Tel Aviv counterparts. The conversation also dwells on the legacy of Haifa's legendary mayor Abba Khoushy, as well as on the city's political identity.

Listeners who tune into Network One at 9:30 tomorrow morning will hear Uriel Furman read *Jihan*, a short story by Ruth Baki about the love of a soldier on reserve duty for an Arab woman. The soldier fell in love with Jihan, a resident of Beit Jala, outside Jerusalem, long before the establishment of the State of Israel. When he receives two hours leave after the reunification of Jerusalem in June 1967, he learns that Beit Jala is also in Israeli hands. His yearning for Jihan overrides all his others emotions, and instead of returning home to his wife, he goes in the direction of Beit Jala....

Tomorrow's play at 12 noon on the Voice of Music is *Encore in an Empty Room*, a monodrama by Michael Tuntski, translated by Shulamit Har-Even and performed by Zalman Leviush. Based on the life and fate of a Jewish concert artist in the USSR, it is the story of a sonata that was never played. □

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MAZADA TOURS

This week's TV/radio schedule

August 15-21

FRIDAY

Steve McQueen TV, 22.05

TV

EDUCATIONAL: 9.00 Teletext 9.05 Keep Fit 9.10 Tau Tau (part 6) 9.35 Don Quixote, Man of La Mancha (part 20) 10.00 The Newspaper Lads (part 2) 10.30 One Last Ride – film 13.30 Teletext 13.35 African Rock Music 14.30 Striker (part 7) 14.55 Music Throughout the Ages (part 12) 16.00 A New Evening – Shabbat magazine
ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes:
18.30 News roundup
18.32 Buck Rogers: Space Vampire
17.20 Songs
17.30 Arabic film
19.20 Programme Trailer
19.30 News
HEBREW PROGRAMMES resume at 20.00 with Shabbat songs
20.05 Shabbat Eve Programme presented by Rabbi Shmuel Avidor Hacohen
20.15 Mabat Newsreel
21.15 From Ashkelon with Love – entertainment
22.05 Nevada Smith. Henry Hathaway's 1966 Western stars Steve McQueen and Karl Malden
00.10 News
JORDAN TV (unofficial): 18.00 French Hour 19.30 News in Hebrew 20.00 News in Arabic 20.30 Open All Hours 21.10 Finder of Lost Lovers 22.00 News in English 22.20 Play of the Week
MIDDLE EAST TV (From T.A. north): 13.30 Woody Woodpecker 14.00 700 Club 14.30 Shape-Up 15.00 Afternoon Movie: Quick Million 16.30 Spiderwoman 17.00 Super Book 17.30 Muppets 18.00 Webster 18.30 Family Ties 19.00 News 20.00 Fall Guy 21.00 Arabic Movie 22.30 Good News.

VOICE OF MUSIC

6.02 Morning Melodies
7.07 Morning Tunes (no details available)
7.30 Morning Concert (no details available)
9.30 Morning Concert (no details available)
12.05 An hour with a well-known flautist
13.00 Light Classical Music
14.00 The Life of Liszt
15.00 The Israel Philharmonic Orchestra, Zubin Mehta, conducting – Druckman: Prisms; Shostakovich: Symphony No.1; Tchaikovsky: Violin Concerto (Pinhas Zukerman)
17.00 The Golden Generation – Historical Recordings – Budapest Quartet – Beethoven: Quartet, Op.130; Beethoven: The Great Fugue, Op.133
18.00 Telemann, Flute Sonata (Rampal); Meir Mindel: "In the Beginning" for 5 recorders (Mor-Li); Mendelssohn: Symphony No.2 (JSO Bertini)
20.05 Bach: Viola da Gamba Sonata (Yo-Yo Ma); Mozart: "Kegelstadt" Trio K.498; Schubert: String Quartet, D.173 (Allegri)
21.00 Haydn: Symphony No.94 (Konzertgebouw/Davis); [illegible] Tombeau de Couperin (New York/Boulez); Prokofiev: Classical Symphony (Chicago/Giulini)
23.00 Dowland: Arias; Brahms: Alto – Rhapsody (Ormandy); Giles: Psalm

RADIO 1st

6.03 Programmes for Olim
7.30 Oriental songs
9.30 Encounter – live family magazine
10.30 Programme in Easy Hebrew
11.10 Hebrew songs
11.30 Education for all
12.05 Songs and Tunes
13.00 News in English
13.30 News in French
14.05 Children's programmes
15.00 Shabbat Eve programme
16.05 With People
17.10 Hebrew songs
18.05 Literary Magazine
19.05 Entertainment and poetry for Shabbat
19.30 Programmes for Olim
22.05 Profile – an Israeli Portrait: Amnon Ahi-Naomi sketches educator Amnon Hadari (repeat)
23.05 On Second Thoughts

2nd

6.12 Gymnastics
6.30 Editorial Review
6.53 Green Light – drivers' corner
7.00 This Morning – news magazine
8.05 Puss in Sandals – children's programme
9.05 All Shades of the Network – morning magazine
12.10 Open Line – news and music
13.00 Midday – news commentary, music
14.05 Give a Smile – skits and jokes
15.05 Till Here – interview programme, introduced by Gabi Gazit
17.05 Behind the Headlines – media magazine
18.05 First Person
19.05 The Weekly Column
20.05 Shabbat songs
21.05 Sephardi folksongs
22.05 Stage and Screen
23.05 Between Friday and Saturday – Yitzhak Livni talks to Arieh Gurel, Mayor of Haifa
00.10 Hebrew songs

Army

6.05 Songs
6.30 Open Your Eyes – songs, information
7.07 Morning Supplement
8.05 Good Morning Israel
9.05 Have a Good Time – culture and entertainment magazine
11.05 Mama's Voice – special regards to soldiers
12.05 Sandals – with Dori Ben Ze'ev
14.05 Poets' songs
15.05 Encora – with Yigal Bashan, Uzi Hitman and Yehonatan Miller
16.05 Quiet songs
17.05 Documentaries
18.05 Hebrew songs
19.05 Back to the 60s
20.05 Music and radio games
22.05 Smoke in Your Eyes
00.05 Shabbat songs

ENGLISH BROADCASTS — ISRAEL RADIO
07.00-07.15 News and Press Review
13.00-13.30 News and Feature Programme
17.00-17.05 News
20.00-20.15 News Magazine on 1st Programme
– 576 kilohertz – centre and north
– 1170 kilohertz – Jerusalem area

SATURDAY

Robin Ellis TV, 23.20

TV

ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes:
15.00 A Friend in Need: Voyagers (part 2)
16.25 French film
18.00 News roundup
18.02 The Human Mosaic (part 4)
18.30 Family Magazine
19.00 Entertainment
19.30 News
HEBREW PROGRAMMES begin at 20.00 with Who's the Boss – comedy series starring Tony Danzo, Judith Light and Elyssa Milano: Angela's First Flight
20.30 Programme for the end of Shabbat
21.00 Mabat Newsreel
21.30 Encore to Tel Aviv – Tel Aviv at 75 (repeat)
23.20 Demons. English drama by T.A. Bowen stars Annabel Leventon and Robin Ellis.
00.15 News
JORDAN TV (unofficial): 17.30 Cartoons 18.00 French Hour 19.30 News in Hebrew 20.00 News in Arabic 20.30 Duty Free 21.10 Bestseller 22.00 News in English 22.20 Jordan Weekly 22.35 Feature film
MIDDLE EAST TV (from T.A. north): 13.00 Flash Gordon 13.30 The Littles 14.00 Flipper 14.30 Rainbow Adventure 16.00 Sports 20.00 Wrestling 21.00 Movie: Send me No Flowers 23.00 700 Club

VOICE OF MUSIC

7.08 Cimarosa: Oboe Concerto (Holliger); Bach: String Suite No.5; Mozart: Piano Concerto No.2, K.39 (Engel, Mozarteum); Bizet: Jeux d'enfants (Paris/Barenboim); Old Hungarian Dances (Klemenczik)
8.30 Concert for Children
9.00 Piano Music
10.00 Sibelius: "The Storm"; Mendelssohn: Youth Symphony No.11; Schumann: Piano Concerto (Edwin Fischer, Philharmonia/Otto Klemperer); Tchaikovsky: "Francesca da Rimini" (JSO/Foss)
13.00 Jerome Berry, Yonatan Zak – Songs by Schubert and Faure; Sharona Tel-Oren, Sarah Fuxon Hayman – Debussy: Chants de Bilitis
14.05 Continuous Music
15.00 Schubert: Unfinished Symphony (Berlin/Maazel); Berlioz: "Romeo and Juliet" (Boston/Munch)
17.00 The Life of Liszt
18.00 Music from the Distant Past
19.00 Handel: Flute Sonata (Shoham); Oedoen Partos: "Visions" (Tel-Oren, JSO/Ostrowsky); Mozart: Symphony Concertante, K.364 (Perlman, Zuckerman, IPO/Mehta)
20.05 Mozart: "Don Giovanni" (Glyndebourne, London/Haitink)
23.00 Chamber Music (no details available)

RADIO 1st

[illegible]
9.30 Radio Story
10.09 Light Classical Music
11.05 With People (repeat)
12.05 Documentary
13.00 News in English
13.30 News in French
14.05 Children's programmes
15.05 The Ways of Man
16.05 Literary Party
17.10 Stage and Screen
18.00 Radio Drama
19.05 Little Anthology of Poetry
19.30 Programmes for Olim
22.05 Literary Party (repeat)
23.05 Tunes

2nd

7.10 Hebrew songs
8.05 Shabbat Sandals
9.05 A Matter of Taste – with Haim Keinan
10.05 Weekly News magazine
11.05 Radio game
12.05 Signs and Wonders – the beginning of Hebrew radio
14.11 Hebrew songs
15.05 Shabbat at Three
16.05 Star – Paul Robeson
17.05 Beautiful Land
18.05 New Hebrew Words
18.30 Hebrew songs
19.05 Cinema Magazine – introduced by Dan Fainaru
20.05 Request programme
21.05 Weekly News Magazine (repeat)
22.05 Bible Reading and programme for the end of Shabbat
23.05 Zionism '86
00.10 Good Night – with Alex Talmor

Army

6.10 Morning Sounds
7.05 Hebrew songs
9.05 Happy Choir – children's programme
10.05 Entertainment and Hebrew Song Magazine
11.05 True Picture
12.05 Summer Smiles
13.05 Ya'acov Agmon talks to fashion designer Gerry Meltz
14.05 It all flows
16.05 Cinema Magazine
17.05 The Books of Amos Oz
18.05 Israeli Hit Parade
19.05 Foreign Hit Parade
20.05 Country songs
21.05 On Jewish Tradition
22.05 All That Jazz
00.05 Night Birds – songs, chat

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Tel Aviv Area				
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Jerusalem Area				
AM		576	1080	1404
FM	91.3		95.5	96.6
Haifa Area				
AM		576	1206	1305
FM	89.4		103.2	102.3
Beersheba Area				
AM		576	657	1224
FM	88.8		103.8	96.6

SUNDAY

Raquel Welch Middle East TV, 21.00

TV

EDUCATIONAL: 9.00 Teletext 9.05 Keep Fit 9.15 No Secrets 9.35 Don Quixote, Man of La Mancha (parts 21 and 22) 10.25 The Newspaper Lads (part 3) 10.50 Three Kisses 14.00 Teletext 14.05 Keep Fit 14.15 Who's Afraid of Opera (part 7) 14.45 Surprise Train 15.00 Rehov Sumsum 15.30 Murphy's Mob (part 13) 16.00 Israeli Songs – with Matti Caspi 17.00 A New Evening – live magazine
CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES:
17.30 The Heart (part 6)
ARABIC LANGUAGE programmes:
18.30 News roundup
18.32 Distribution of Prizes to Winners of Ramadan Quiz
19.00 Weekly News Magazine
HEBREW PROGRAMMES resume at 20.00 with a news roundup
20.02 Till Pop – pop and entertainment magazine
21.00 Mabat Newsreel
21.30 Dynasty. American series about an oil magnate and his family. Starring John Forsyth, Linda Evans and Pamela Sue Martin
22.20 Quotation Mark. Literature programme hosted by Yaron London
23.00 Full House – English comic series
23.30 News
JORDAN TV (unofficial): 17.30 Cartoons 18.00 French Hour 19.30 News in Hebrew 20.00 News in Arabic 20.30 Charlie & Company 21.10 Documentary 22.00 News in English 22.20 Dallas
MIDDLE EAST TV (from T.A. north): 13.00 Woody Woodpecker 13.30 Westbrook Hospital 14.00 700 Club 14.30 Good News 15.00 Movie 16.30 Treasure Island 17.00 Flying House 17.30 Muppets 18.00 Punky Brewster 18.30 Silver Spoons 19.00 Nova 20.00 Specials 21.00 Movie: Fathom 22.30 Good News

VOICE OF MUSIC

6.02 Morning Melodies
7.07 Corelli: Variations on "Greensleeves" (Michala Petri; Handel: Trio Sonata
7.30 Mozart: Coronation Concerto, K.537 (Brendel); Mendelssohn: Trio No.2 (Yuval); Saint Saens: Violin Sonata No.2; Florent Schmidt; The Tragedy of Shulamit
9.30 Brahms: Serenade No.1 (Berlin/Abado); Schubert: "Offertorium"; Th. von Schacht: Clarinet Concerto; Haydn: Symphony No.45; Handel: Water Music
12.05 Ruth Litai-Yacobi: Piece for Recorders, "Birds in Music, selections
13.00 Handel: Sonata for 2 Violins; Handel: Aria from "Samson"; Bach: Suite No.2; Beethoven: Leonore No.3, overture; Beethoven: Symphony No.4; Bizet: "Te Deu"
15.05 Piano Music
16.00 Torelli: Concerto; Haydn: Baritone Trio; Schubert: "To Sylvia"; [illegible] mos
20.05 J.C.P. Bach: Sonata; Rosaire: Sonata
20.30 The Tel Aviv Quartet – Schubert: Quartet, Op.161; Schubert: Quintet, Op.163 (with A. Yampolsky)
22.30 Prayers on the Death of Mary in the Greek Orthodox Church
23.00 Music from the Distant Past

RADIO 1st

6.03 Programmes for Olim
7.30 Favourite Old Songs
8.05 Compass – with Benny Hendel
9.05 Hebrew songs
9.30 Encounter – live family magazine
10.30 Programme in Easy Hebrew
11.10 Hebrew songs
11.30 Education for all
12.05 Oriental songs
13.00 News in English
13.30 News in French
14.05 Children's programmes
15.30 World of Science (repeat)
15.55 Notes on a New Book
16.05 Folk Songs
17.20 Everyman's University
18.05 Jewish Traditions
18.50 Bible Reading
19.05 Jewish Thoughts
19.30 Programmes for Olim
22.05 A Wonderful Place – with poet Orzion Bartana (repeat)
23.05 Hebrew songs

2nd

6.12 Gymnastics
6.30 Editorial Review
6.53 Green Light – drivers' corner
7.00 This Morning – news magazine
8.05 Puss in Sandals – children's programme
9.05 House Call – with Rivka Michaeli
10.05 All Shades of the Network – morning magazine
12.10 Open Line – news and music
13.00 Midday – news commentary, music
14.05 Matters of Interest – with Gabi Gazit
15.05 Magic Moments
16.05 Made in Israel – Hebrew song requests
17.10 Economics Magazine
18.05 Press Conference – introduced by Yitzhak Golan
18.45 Today in Sport
19.05 Today – radio newsreel
19.35 The Jewish People
20.05 Oriental songs
22.05 Light Music for Wind Ensembles
23.05 Third Bell – arts magazine

Army

6.05 Morning Sounds
6.30 Open Your Eyes – songs, information
7.07 "707" – with Alex Ansky
8.05 Good Morning Israel
9.05 In the Morning – with Eli Yisraeli
10.05 Coffee Break
11.05 Right Now – with Rafi Reshef
13.05 Daily Hit Parade
15.05 Siesta – with Dori Ben Ze'ev
16.05 Sports Magazine
17.00 Evening Newsreel
18.05 Economics Hour
18.40 Songs of IDF Troupes
19.05 Songs
20.05 Music – tunes
21.00 Mabat – TV newsreel
21.30 Songs
22.05 Popular songs
23.05 Night, Night – with Yoav Kutner
00.05 Night Birds – songs, chat with Shlomo Artzi

BBC
1322 kilohertz:
World Service newsreels at 14.00, 17.00 and 20.15.

MONDAY

Paul Eddington TV, 21.30

TV

EDUCATIONAL: 9.00 Teletext 9.05 Keep Fit 9.15 Zippitput 9.40 Don Quixote, Man of La Mancha (parts 23 and 24) 10.30 The Newspaper Lads 10.55 Duke Ellington's Religious Music (part 1) 14.00 Teletext 14.05 Keep Fit 14.15 100 Famous Paintings 14.25 Making Magic 14.50 Cartoons 15.00 Pretty Butterfly 15.25 Beau Geste (part 3) 16.00 This is It – live magazine 17.00 A New Evening – live magazine
CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES:
17.30 Alice in Wonderland. Animated serial based on the book by Lewis Carroll
18.00 Shmil the Cat's Club
ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes:
18.30 News roundup
18.32 Programme Trailer
18.35 Sports
19.30 News
HEBREW PROGRAMMES resume at 20.00 with a news roundup
20.02 Goodbye Mr. Chips. Part 2 of a 3-part serial based on the book by James Hilton starring Roy Marsden
21.00 Mabat Newsreel
21.30 Yes, Prime Minister. BBC comedy series starring Paul Eddington, Nigel Hawthorne and Derek Fowles: The Grand Design
22.00 This is the Time
22.50 Dempsey and Makepeace: Silver Dollar
23.40 News
JORDAN TV (unofficial): 17.30 Cartoons 18.00 French Hour 19.30 News in Hebrew 20.00 News in Arabic 20.30 Growing Pains 21.10 Moonlighting 22.00 News in English 22.20 Crown Court
MIDDLE EAST TV (from T.A north): 13.30 Woody Woodpecker 14.00 700 Club 14.30 Shape-Up 15.00 Afternoon Movie: Mighty Joe Young 16.30 Spiderman 17.00 Super Book 17.30 Muppets 18.00 Happy Days 18.30 Laverne & Shirley 19.00 News 20.00 Magnum P.I. 21.00 Movie: Love, Mary 23.00 700 Club

VOICE OF MUSIC

6.02 Morning Melodies
7.07 Telemann: Overture
7.30 Enescu: Rumanian Rhapsody No.1; Mozart: violin concerto, K.294 (Menuhin); Beethoven: Piano Sonata, Op.31, No.2 (Ashkenazy); Tchaikovsky: Ballet Music, "Sleeping Beauty"
9.30 Resphigi: The Pines of Rome (Dutoit); DeFalla: "Nights in the Gardens of Spain"; Debussy: Sonata No.2 for Flute, Viola and Harp; Dvorak: String serenade; Glazounov: Saxophone concerto; Chich Corea: "The Return Home"; Stravinsky: Symphony in C (IPO/Bernstein)
12.05 Stefano Grondona, guitar – Bach: Suite; Giuliani-Rossini: Fantasy; Walton: 5 Bagatelles
13.00 Mozart: Symphony No.33 (Konzertgebouw/ Harnoncourt); [illegible]
15.05 Musica Viva
16.00 Sullivan: Irish Symphony; Krusel: Introduction and Variations on a Swedish Theme (Thee King); Beethoven: Piano Sonata No.3 (Gilels); Schubert: Swan Song part I (Schreier); Vivaldi: Violin Sonata (Amouyal); Bach: Concerto for flute, Violin and Harpsichord (Nicolet, Hetzel, Richter)
18.30 The Jerusalem Symphony orchestra, youth concert (David Robertson conducting) – works by Honegger, Haydn, Rimsky-Korsakov, Saint-Saens, Grieg and Ducas. Kleinsinger: "Peewee" Piccolo (Duchman, Edelson)
20.05 Devienne: Flute Quartet (Rampal); Rossini: String Sonata No.3
20.30 The Symphony Orchestra of Saarbruecken – Bartok: Viola concerto; J.C. Bach: Symphony for Double Orchestra; Mozart: Serenade K.203
22.30 Religious Folk Music from Northwest Argentina
23.00 Continuous Music

RADIO 1st

6.03 Programmes for Olim
7.30 Favourite Old Songs
8.05 Compass – with Benny Hendel
9.05 Hebrew songs
9.30 Encounter – live family magazine
10.30 Programme in Easy Hebrew
11.10 Hebrew songs
11.30 Education for all
12.05 Story and Song
13.00 News in English
13.30 News in French
14.05 Children's programmes
15.25 Hebrew songs
15.53 Notes on a New Book
16.05 Radio Drama
17.20 Everyman's University
18.05 Jewish Traditions
18.50 Bible Reading
19.05 Reflections on the Portion of the Week
19.30 Programmes for Olim
22.05 Signs and Wonders – the beginning of Hebrew radio (repeat)

2nd

6.12 Gymnastics
6.30 Editorial Review
6.53 Green Light – drivers' corner
7.00 This Morning – news magazine
8.05 Puss in Sandals – children's programme
9.05 House Call – with Rivka Michaeli
10.05 All Shades of the Network – morning magazine
12.10 Open Line – news and music
13.00 Midday – news commentary, music
14.05 Matters of Interest – with Gabi Gazit
15.05 Magic Moments
16.05 Made in Israel – Hebrew song requests
17.10 Economics Magazine
18.05 New Hebrew Words (repeat)
18.30 Hebrew songs
19.05 Today – radio newsreel
19.35 Law and Justice Magazine
20.05 Cantorial Hit Parade
22.05 Jazz Corner
23.05 Treasure Hunt

Army

6.05 Morning Sounds
6.30 Open Your Eyes – songs, information
7.07 "707" – with Alex Ansky
8.05 Good Morning Israel
9.05 In the Morning – with Eli Yisraeli
10.05 Coffee Break
11.05 Right Now – with Rafi Reshef
13.05 Daily Hit Parade
15.05 Siesta – with Dori Ben Ze'ev
16.05 Four in the Afternoon
17.00 Evening Newsreel
18.05 Interview with Aluf Amir Drori
19.05 Songs
20.05 Music – blues
21.00 Mabat – TV Newsreel
21.30 Songs
22.05 Popular songs
23.05 Night, Night – with Yoav Kutner
00.05 Night Birds – songs, chat with Gilat Moav

TUESDAY

Florence Stanley TV, 20.02

TV

EDUCATIONAL: 9.00 Teletext 9.05 Keep Fit 9.15 Pretty Butterfly 9.40 Don Quixote, Man of La Mancha (part 25) 10.05 The Newspaper Lads 10.30 This Is It (repeat) 14.00 Teletext 14.05 Keep Fit 14.15 The Two Faces of Love – film 16.15 Near Ones and Dear Ones 17.00 A New Evening – live magazine
CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES:
17.30 Knock on Wood – puppet theatre
17.55 Cartoons
18.00 Buddy (part 4)
ARABIC LANGUAGE programmes:
18.30 News roundup
18.32 End of Empire (part 1)
19.30 News
HEBREW PROGRAMMES resume at 20.00 with a news roundup
20.02 Fish. Part 12 of a 13-part comedy series starring Abe Vigoda and Florence Stanley: The Adoption
20.30 Kolbotek
21.00 Mabat Newsreel
21.40 Second Look – focus on matters of moment
22.20 Edge of Darkness. Part 1 of a 6-part BBC subpense serial, starring Bob Peck and Joanne Whalley
23.10 Gallery – arts magazine
23.50 News
JORDAN TV (unofficial): 17.30 Cartoons 18.00 French Hour 19.30 News in Hebrew 20.00 News in Arabic 20.30 Music Box 21.30 Alfred Hitchcock 22.00 News in English 22.20 The Equalizer
MIDDLE EAST TV (from T.A. north): 13.30 Woody Woodpecker 14.00 700 Club 14.30 Shape-Up 15.00 Afternoon Movie: Split second 16.30 Fantastic Four 17.00 Flying House 17.30 Muppets 18.00 Battlestar Galactica 19.00 News 20.00 Riptide 21.00 Simon & Simon 22.00 Airwolf 23.00 700 Club

VOICE OF MUSIC

6.02 Morning Melodies
7.07 Widor: Cantilena for Organ; Bach: Harpsichord concerto in G minor
7.30 Handel: Suite No.5; Albinoni: Oboe Concerto (Holliger); Mozart: Aria from Idomeneo (Theresa Berganza); Mislivecek: Symphonia. Brahms: Clarinet Trio; Schumann: Symphony No.3 (Los Angeles/Giulini)
9.30 Liszt: Mazeppa; Schumann: Violin Sonata (Gutman); Rimsky-Korsakov: Scheherezade; Shostakovich: Violin Concerto No.1; Symphony No.1
12.05 Mozart: "Haffner in Serenade," K.250
13.00 Mozart: "Jupiter", Symphony K.551; Villa-Lobos: 5 Preludes (Williams); Beethoven: Piano Concerto No.2 (Rubinstein, Barenboim); Stravinsky: "Apollo Musagete" [illegible]
[illegible] Camerata Trio – works by K.P.E. Bach (Gronich) and Beethoven
20.05 Schubert: Hungarian Melody (Brendel); Villa-Lobos: Bachianas Brasileiras No.1 (12 Celli from Berlin)
20.30 The Israel Philharmonic Orchestra – Christoff Eschenbach conducting – Noam Sheriff, "Metamorphoses on an Old Gulliard"; Schumann: Cello Concerto (Michael Haran); Mendelssohn: Symphony No.5
23.00 Music from the Renaissance and the Baroque Periods

RADIO 1st

6.03 Programmes for Olim
7.30 Favourite Old Songs
8.05 Compass – with Benny Hendel
9.05 Hebrew songs
9.30 Encounter – live family magazine
10.30 Programme in Easy Hebrew
11.10 Hebrew songs
11.30 Education for all
12.05 Oriental Requests
13.00 News in English
13.30 News in French
14.05 Children's programmes
15.25 Education for all
15.55 Notes on a New Book
16.05 Jewish World – Israel and the diaspora
17.20 Everyman's University
18.05 Jewish Traditions
18.50 Bible Reading
19.05 Talmud Lesson
19.30 Programmes for Olim
22.05 Two by Two

2nd

6.12 Gymnastics
6.30 Editorial Review
6.53 Green Light – drivers' corner
7.00 This Morning – news magazine
8.05 Puss in Sandals – children's programme
9.05 House Call – with Rivka Michaeli
10.05 All Shades of the Network – morning magazine
12.10 Open Line – news and music
13.00 Midday – news commentary, music
14.05 Matters of Interest – with Gabi Gazit
15.05 Magic Moments
16.05 Made in Israel – Hebrew song requests
17.10 Economics Magazine
18.05 Health and Medicine Magazine
19.05 Today – radio newsreel
19.35 New World – environment magazine
20.05 Cantorial Requests
22.05 Once More
23.05 Quizzes

Army

6.05 Morning Sounds
6.30 Open Your Eyes – songs, information
7.07 "707" – with Eitan Lifshitz
8.05 Good Morning Israel
9.05 In the Morning – with Eli Yisraeli
10.05 Coffee Break
11.05 Right Now – with Rafi Reshef
13.05 Daily Hit Parade
15.05 Siesta – with Dori Ben Ze'ev
16.05 Four in the Afternoon
17.00 Evening Newsreel
17.50 Sports Magazine
18.05 Economics Hour
18.40 Songs of IDF Troupes
19.05 Songs
20.05 Music – rock
21.00 Mabat – TV newsreel
21.30 Songs
22.05 Popular songs
23.05 Night, Night – with Yoav Kutner
00.05 Night Birds – songs, chat with Dori Ben Ze'ev

WEDNESDAY

John Travolta TV, 22.05

TV

EDUCATIONAL: 9.00 Teletext 9.05 Keep Fit 9.15 Rehov Sumsum 9.45 Don Quixote, Man of La Mancha (parts 26 and 27) 10.35 The Newspaper Lads (part 6) 11.00 The Invasion of Czechoslovakia (part 1) 14.00 Teletext 14.05 Keep Fit 14.15 The Time Tunnel 15.25 Chick Corea and Gary Barton – jazz 16.25 TV Game 17.00 A New Evening – live magazine
CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES:
17.30 Fairy Tales
ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes:
18.30 News roundup
18.32 Songs and dances
19.00 Documentary
19.30 News
HEBREW PROGRAMMES resume at 20.00 with a news roundup
20.02 Between the Chairs – bi-weekly magazine
20.30 Tazpit – science and technology magazine
21.00 Mabat Newsreel
21.30 Moked
22.05 Blow Out. Biran De Palma's 1981 suspense film stars John Travolta and Nancy Allen
23.55 News
JORDAN TV (unofficial): 17.30 Cartoons 18.00 French Hour 19.30 News in Hebrew 20.00 News in Arabic 20.30 Three's Company 21.10 Believe It or Not 22.00 News in English 22.20 Sword of Honour
MIDDLE EAST TV (from T.A. north): 13.30 Woody Woodpecker 14.00 700 Club 14.30 Shape-Up 15.00 Afternoon Movie: A Likely Story 16.30 Spiderman & Friends 17.00 Super Book 17.30 Muppets 18.00 Buck Rogers 19.00 News 20.00 A-Team 21.00 Remington Steele 22.00 Cagney & Lacey 23.00 700 Club

VOICE OF MUSIC

6.02 Morning Melodies
7.07 Tchaikovsky: Roccoco Variations (Ralph Kirshenbaum, JSO/Rodan)
7.30 Tchaikovsky: Symphony No 1 (Rostropovich); Prokofiev: Piano Concerto No.3 (Ted Josselson); Beethoven: Quartet, Op.59 No.1 (Tel Aviv)
9.30 Tchaikovsky: "Manfred" Symphony. Khachaturian. Piano Concerto (Entremont, Ozawa); Shostakovich. Symphony No.5 (Berglund)
12.05 The New Jerusalem String Quartet plays works by Mozart, Tzur and Shostakovich
13.00 Mozart: Symphony No.40 (Abbado); Tchaikovsky: Piano Concerto No.1 (Wladimir Horowitz', NBC/Toscanini; recording from 1943) Gilbert and Sullivan: Trial by Jury, excerpts (recording from 1927); Offenbach, Gaite Parisienne (Covent Garden/Szolti)
15.05 Between Friends
16.00 Piano Music
17.05 Contemporary Music – Yehuda Wohl: "Canto Capriccioso" (JSO/Rodan); [illegible]
18.00 The Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra. David Robertson conducting – Yaacov Gilboa: Song Cycle after Rachel (Emily Berendsen); Martin: Concerto for 7 Instruments and Orchestra; Brahms: Haydn Variations; Brahms: 6 Pieces, Op.118 (Krassovsky)
19.30 Youth Concert
20.05 From the Greek Mythology – "Daphnis et Chloe"
20.57 Adam: "The Postillon of Lonjemeau"
23.00 Mozart: "Posthorn" Serenade, No.9, K.320; Beethoven: 6 Songs (Fischer-Dieskau)

RADIO 1st

6.03 Programmes for Olim
7.30 Favourite Old Songs
8.05 Compass – with Benny Hendel
9.05 Hebrew songs
9.30 Encounter – live family magazine
10.30 Programme in Easy Hebrew
11.10 Hebrew songs
11.30 Education for all
12.05 Oriental songs
13.00 News in English
13.30 News in French
14.05 Children's programmes
15.55 Notes on a New Book
16.05 Programme for Senior Citizens
17.20 Everyman's University
18.05 Jewish Traditions
18.50 Bible Reading
19.05 Lesson in *Halacha*
19.30 Programmes for Olim
22.05 The Poems of Shaul Tchernichowsky (repeat)
23.05 Hebrew Songs

2nd

6.12 Gymnastics
6.30 Editorial Review
6.53 Green Light – drivers' corner
7.00 This Morning – news magazine
8.05 Puss in Sandals – children's programme
9.05 House Call – with Rivka Michaeli
10.05 All Shades of the Network – morning magazine
12.10 Open Line – news and music
13.00 Midday – news commentary, music
14.05 Matters of Interest – with Gabi Gazit
15.05 Magic Moments
16.05 Made in Israel – Hebrew song requests
17.10 Economics Magazine
18.05 Spotlight
19.05 Today – radio newsreel
19.35 Army and Defence Magazine
20.05 Folklore Magazine
21.05 Song For the Road
22.05 Folk dances
23.05 Night Games

Army

6.05 Morning Sounds
6.30 Open Your Eyes – songs, information
7.07 "707" – with Alex Ansky
8.05 Good Morning Israel
9.05 In the Morning – with Eli Yisraeli
10.05 Coffee Break
11.05 Right Now – with Rafi Reshef
13.05 Daily Hit Parade
15.05 Siesta – with Dori Ben Ze'ev
16.05 Four in the Afternoon
17.00 Evening Newsreel
18.05 Army and Defence Magazine
19.05 Songs
20.05 Music – new wave
21.00 Mabat – TV newsreel
21.30 Songs
22.05 Popular songs
23.05 Night, Night – with Yoav Kutner
00.05 Classical Night Birds – with Hanoch Ron

THE VOICE OF PEACE
Regular daily programmes
3.00-6.00 Early Morning Show
12.00-13.00 Kassah Programme
18.00-19.30 Twilight Time
19.30-21.00 Classical Programme

THURSDAY

Gloria Swanson Middle East TV, 15.00

TV

EDUCATIONAL: 9.00 Teletex 9.05 Keep Fit 9.15 Making Magic 9.40 Don Quixote, Man of La Mancha (part 28) 10.05 The Newspaper Lads (part 7) 10.30 TV Game (repeat) 14.00 Teletext 14.05 Keep Fit 14.15 Nature programme 14.35 Surprise Train 15.00 Tau Tau (part 7) 15.25 Eureka (part 7) 16.00 This Is It – live magazine
CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES:
17.30 Kidd Video
18.00 Its Your Move
18.25 A Look at Dotan
ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes:
18.30 News roundup
18.32 Cartoons
18.45 Inventions and Innovations
19.00 Meeting – current affairs
19.30 News
HEBREW PROGRAMMES resume at 20.00 with a news roundup
20.02 That's Incredible
20.45 Programme Trailer
21.00 Mabat Newsreel
21.30 Documentary – The Flight of the Condor. BBC film about the Andes (part 2)
22.25 Space. Part 3 of a 13-part drama serial about the U.S. space research programme. Starring James Garner, Bruce Dern and Michael York
23.10 Visiting Card. Part 3 of a 4-part series on the works of Israeli students of cinema
23.50 News
JORDAN TV (unofficial): 17.30 Cartoons 18.00 French Hour 19.30 News in Hebrew 20.00 News in Arabic 20.30 Amanda's 21.10 55 Lime Street 22.00 News in English 22.20 Feature film
MIDDLE EAST TV (From T.A. north): 13.30 Woody Woodpecker 14.00 700 Club 14.30 Shape-Up 15.00 Afternoon Movie: Father takes a Wife 16.30 Incredible Hulk 17.00 Flying House 17.30 Muppets 18.00 Lucy 18.30 WKRP 19.00 News 20.00 Hardcastle & McCormack 21.00 Sixty Minutes 22.00 Moonlighting 23.00 700 Club

VOICE OF MUSIC

6.02 Morning Melodies
7.07 Elgar Morning Song. K.P.E Bach 5 Polonaises. Verdi: Excerpts from Ballet Music to Othello. Elgar. Love Song
7.30 Works by Bach, Dvorak, Mozart, Halperin, Loeillet, Beethoven, Wolf, Delius, Ben-Haim and Liszt
9.30 Vaughan-Williams: Music to "The Wasps"; MacDonald: Memories from childhood; Rachmaninov: "The Isle of Death"; Lalo: Symphonie Espagnol; Szymanovski: Op.55
12.05 Recital – Alan Sternfield, piano – Mozart: Sonata, K.311; Brahms: Ballades, Op.10; Stravinsky: Serenade in A
13.00 Mozart: Symphony No.40, K.550 Stamitz: Viola Concerto, Op.1 (Atar Arad) Dussek: Flute Trio; Mozart – Camargo Guarnieri: Concerto for Piano and Chamber Orchestra [illegible] Hindemith: Sonata; Cage: Dream; Schumann: Legende, Op.113
17.30 Schubert: Symphony No.1 (Menuhin); Beethoven: Piano Concerto No.1 (Ashkenazy, Vienna/Mehta); Shostakovich: Ballet Suite No.1 (M. Shostakovich); Martinu: String Quartet No.1; Sibelius: Symphony No.3 (Halle/Barbirolli)
20.05 Riccoti: Concerto Grosso No.2 in G major; Handel: Trio Sonata in G minor for Flute, Violin and Basso Continuo
20.30 Debussy: Jeux, dance image; Haydn: Symphony No.70 in D major; Monlusco: Overture to Haleka; Chopin: Piano Concerto No.2 in F minor; Lutoslawski: Symphony No.3
23.00 The Golden Generation – Historical Recordings – Budapest Quartet – Beethoven: Quartet, Op.130; Beethoven: The Great Fugue, Op.133

RADIO 1st

6.03 Programmes for Olim
7.30 Favourite Old Songs
8.30 Compass – with Benny Hendel
9.05 Hebrew Songs
9.30 Encounter – live family magazine
10.30 Programme in Easy Hebrew
11.10 Hebrew songs
11.30 Education for all
12.05 Oriental Songs
13.00 News in English
13.30 News in French
14.05 Children's programmes
15.30 Speaker's Podium
15.53 Notes on a New Book
16.05 Middle East Crossroads
17.20 Everyman's University
18.05 Jewish Traditions
18.50 Bible Reading
19.05 Lesson in *Tania*
19.30 Programmes for Olim
22.05 Every Man Has a Star with astrologist Ilan Pecker

2nd

6.12 Gymnastics
6.30 Editorial Review
6.53 Green Light – drivers' corner
7.00 This Morning – news magazine
8.05 Puss in Sandals – children's programme
9.05 House Call – with Rivka Michaeli
10.05 All Shades of the Network – morning magazine
12.10 Open Line – news and music
13.00 Midday – news commentary, music
14.05 Matters of Interest – with Gabi Gazit
15.05 Magic Moments
16.05 Made in Israel – Hebrew song requests
17.10 Economics Magazine
18.05 Any Questions?
19.05 Today – radio newsreel
19.35 Hebrew songs
20.05 Roots – folklore magazine
22.05 Yiddish songs
23.05 Between Ourselves

Army

6.05 Morning Sounds
6.30 Open Your Eyes – songs, information
7.07 "707" – with Alex Ansky
8.05 Good Morning Israel
9.05 In the Morning – with Eli Yisraeli
10.05 Coffee Break
11.05 Right Now
13.05 Daily Hit Parade
15.05 Siesta – with Dori Ben-Ze'ev
16.05 Four in the Afternoon
17.00 Evening Newsreel
18.05 Economics Hour
18.40 Songs of IDF Troupes
19.05 Songs
20.05 Music – classical rock
21.00 Mabat – TV newsreel
21.30 Songs
22.05 Popular songs
23.05 Night, Night – with Yoav Kutner
00.05 Israeli at Night – with Eli Yisraeli

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D'vora Ben Shaul

OF THE remarkable successes in wildlife conservation that can be attributed to the Israel Society for the Protection of Nature and the Nature Reserves Authority, one of the most outstanding is the case of the desert ibex.

These sure-footed mountain goats are ancient residents of Israel and are mentioned more than once in the Bible. They inhabit the rocky hills around the Dead Sea and in the Arava and the Gulf of Eilat.

The female ibex gives birth once a year, the first time when she is about a year old and bears a single kid. From then on, twins are almost the order of the day, and the tiny kids are as fleet and sure as their adult counterparts as soon as they are a full 24 hours old.

JUST HOW well they know to jump and climb can be judged from an incident that occurred in 1970. The Nature Reserves Authority decided to capture some newborn kids, raise them in captivity, and set up a breeding group in the Hai-Bar reserve near Eilat. I was sent to Arad to receive the kids from the wardens who caught them and to look after them.

At noon on the first day, the wardens brought me two tiny kids, a few hours old. I took care of them, fed them and that night, before I went to bed, I put them in a carton to sleep. Sometime in the night I wakened, wanted to have a look at them and found the box empty. I searched the hotel room, but there were no baby ibexes to be seen. I searched again. The door was locked, the windows screened. I went over and called the warden who had caught them. He came to my room and we searched again. No kids. I was both puzzled and becoming desperate.

We sat down and were talking when we suddenly heard a soft snort, something like a sneeze. We started searching again, and since the sound had seemed to come from above, we started to look at the ceiling. There they were, in the 20 cm. space between the air conditioner and the ceiling, two little tawny kids, fast asleep.

THE IDEA of a breeding centre was a good one, since the ibex almost reached extinction in the Middle East, and by the time the State of Israel came into being only about 17 pairs were found in the entire area. Today, while still almost if not entirely extinct in the mountain ranges of North Africa and of our neighbouring states, the ibex in Israel are flourishing, both in nature and in the breeding centre.

They have been moved in the books of the International Union for the Conservation of Nature from the red book, for species in danger of extinction, to the green book of species well represented and protected.

Thanks to conservation at the right time, they will probably never be moved to the black book that contains the names of the species that are totally extinct on this planet. □

Yohanan Boehm

Seasonal delights

Gary Bertini (Jacqueline Bossard)

Mendi Rodan (Aliza Auerbach)

Yoav Talmi

OUR orchestras, struggling for survival in the face of continually rising overheads and shrinking subsidies, always try to attract new audiences by a variety of gimmicks such as catchy new titles for ensembles: "Sinfo-Kef" (Israel Sinfonietta) or "Amadeus" (Israel Chamber Orchestra). Even so, many oldtimers, such as faithful followers of the IPO for 50 years, are compelled to cancel their subscriptions as they simply cannot afford the constant rise in the annual cost. Some of our orchestras, I understand, have left their prices out of their prospectuses for 1986/7, probably in order not to frighten people away.

For the coming season, the Israel Sinfonietta – Beersheba is offering 10 concerts which are each repeated at home four times to satisfy all its local subscribers, who number 2,000. In addition, the cultural centre of Kfar Sava will again host the ISB for some of the concerts, while seven or eight of the programmes will be performed in Jerusalem and Tel Aviv, with occasional visits to Ashkelon and Rehovot.

The highlight of the season will undoubtedly be March 29, 1987, when Mstislav Rostropovich will play the cello concertos of Haydn and Saint Saens at a special concert for the Friends of the Rubin Academy in Jerusalem.

Last season, the ISB recorded for Harmonica Mundi, a prestigious label, Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater*, with the Children's Choir of the Jerusalem Rubin Conservatoire of Music. They also recorded eight overtures for a new compact disc.

There is hardly any turnover among the 36 musicians of the Sinfonietta, which will be celebrating its bar mitzva during the coming season. For the past 10 years, Mendi Rodan has been its musical adviser and chief conductor.

In mid-January, the orchestra will pay its first visit to the Western Hemisphere, giving 10 concerts in the United States and Canada. In April, it will go to Italy for the second time, with up to eight concerts planned.

Mendi Rodan now spends part of the year in Brussels, having been chief conductor and musical director of Belgium's National Orchestra since 1983.

On Tuesday this week, Rodan inaugurated a special summer camp for the reconstituted Gadna Symphony Orchestra – already an excellent symphonic ensemble – at the Carmit College in Jerusalem, which will run until August 25. The fruits of this training seminar will be presented at the Henry Crown Symphony Hall in Jerusalem on August 24.

YOAV TALMI devotes more time than most chief conductors to the consolidation and development of the Israel Chamber Orchestra, whose direction he took over in 1984. Last March, it went to Europe for four weeks, performing 17 concerts in Switzerland, France, Germany and the Netherlands. The ICO also cut its first record of sextets for string orchestra by Schoenberg (*Transfigured Night*) and Tchaikovsky's *Souvenirs à Florence*.

Most of the coming season's programmes fall under the Amadeus label. Twenty-one of Mozart's piano concertos, coupled with the master's last symphonies, are included in these cycles. All the Amadeus programmes will also be performed in Jerusalem.

Here at home, the soloists will be Israeli pianists, but when the ICO goes on two visits to perform the Amadeus cycle – each time in nine concerts – in Munich, Frankfurt-am-Main and Stuttgart, the pianists will be German.

In Israel, the ICO is offering a wide range of additional attractions, with an important place reserved for vocal programmes. Space does not allow further elaboration on specific works or artists.

Yoav Talmi is very concerned that shrinking salaries are forcing members of the orchestra to look for additional outside work, and is, therefore, promoting the formation of a Friends of the Orchestra association, in the hope of strengthening the precarious situation in which the ICO finds itself. It may be recalled that through the efforts of Isaac Stern, the Israel Sinfonietta and the Beersheba Theatre received a one-time grant of $750,000. The ICO is looking for a similar generous gesture from a benefactor.

GARY BERTINI, who discontinued his close relationship with the Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra last season, is by no means abandoning his Jeruslaem residence and his emotional ties with Israel. Although he is leading a five-week seminar this summer at the Mozarteum in Salzburg, he will also be working with the German Bundes Youth Symphony Orchestra in the second half of this month. After four days at Kerkrade in the Netherlands, they will spend four days at a camp in Israel, culminating in concerts at Kibbutz Mizra, Ein Hashofet, and a gala evening on September 2 at the Henry Crown Symphony Hall in Jerusalem.

Bertini will then return to the Frankfurt Opera House to prepare for taking over the directorship in 1987.

A FINAL word on the Upper Galilee Chamber Music Days – Kfar Blum. Musically, it was a resounding success all round. All 31 artists who volunteered their talents to create a special atmosphere and present familiar and unusual work in eight concerts reflected the highest technical and musical standards. As I was unable to attend in person, I followed each programme on *Kol Hamusika*.

With one exception, transmission was faultless. On the second night, regrettably, the transmission broke down and while we chamber-music lovers waited and waited for the resumption of the broadcast from Kfar Blum, we had to endure the senseless replacement from Jerusalem of a recording of Tchaikovsky's incidental music to Act One of *Swan Lake* – better suited for background music to tea-party chat. To make matters worse, during the whole hour, there was not a single announcement to tell listeners when they could expect the fault to be repaired. This can only be interpreted as complete lack of consideration for serious listeners and unforgivable incompetence on the part of *Kol Hamusika* programme staff. □

This Week in Israel • Th
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CINEMA
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Screening hours this week:
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Sun.—Thurs. Aug. 17—21 at 7 pm.
PART II
Fri. Aug. 15 at 10 am.
Sat. Aug. 16 at 6 pm.
Sun.—Thurs. Aug. 17—21, at 1 pm.
In response to public demand, morning screenings of Shoah on Fridays at 10 am. Aug. 22 Part I, Aug. 29 Part II.
TICKETS ARE NOT SOLD FOR ONE PART ONLY.
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2. PASSAGE THROUGH CHINA, the Jewish Communities of Harbin, Tientsin and Shanghai.

EVENTS

1. "About the Yemenite Jews".
The film describes the history of the Jews of Yemen and was filmed in Israel and Yemen. Introductory remarks by Amira Avishai. After the screening there will be a discussion with the director/producer of the film: Prof. Johanna Specter. The film is in English.
Mon. Aug. 18 at 7 pm.
Admission fee: NIS 3.30, for members of Friends Association NIS 2.20.
2. "Ziona - the Zionist Congresses".
The story of the development of the Zionist Movement from the end of the 19th century, until the end of 1984. This W.Z.O. film was produced by United Studios and has been translated into several languages.
The English version: Tuesday, Aug. 19, at 7 pm.
Admission free.
3. "ZELIG".
Woody Allen's satire film. Starring: Woody Allen, Mia Farrow, Dir.: Woody Allen. In English with Hebrew subtitles.
Wed. Aug. 20, at 8.30 pm.
Admission fee: NIS 3.30, for members of Friends Association NIS 2.20.

For sale at Beit Hatefutsoth:
A special illustrated wall calendar picturing Jewish folk art.
The calendar was produced in cooperation with Turnowsky's Art.
Price: NIS 22.50 (postage: NIS 0.50).

The calendar may be purchased at the sales desk at the Museum, or by mail. Mail order please write to Public Relations Dept. P.O.B. 39359, Tel Aviv 61392. Please enclosed cheque payable to Beth Hatefutsoth.

Beth Hatefutsoth is located on the campus of Tel Aviv University (Gate 2) Klausner St. Ramat Aviv. Tel.: 03-425161. Buses: 13, 24, 25, 27, 45, 49, 74, 79, 274, 572.

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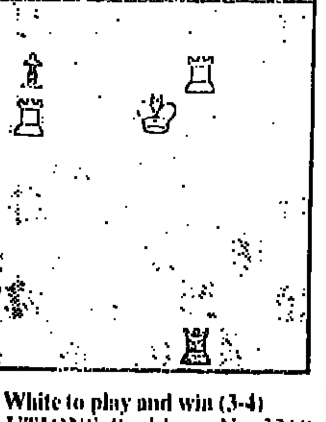
Chess Eliahu Shahaf

Problem No. 3271
YEHUDA HOCH, Petah Tikva
Specially composed for
The Jerusalem Post



White to play and win (3-4)

SOLUTIONS. Problem No. 3269 (Matous). 1.Nc5 b2 2.Nb3 Kb1 3.Nd5! a1N! 4.Nd4 Kc1 5.Rc2! Nc2 6.Nb3 Kd1 7.Kf1! b1N! 8.Kf2 Nb any 9.Nc 3x; 8.-Nca4 9.Nc 3x.

INTERNATIONAL Grandmaster Boris Gulko and his wife, International Master Anna Achsharumova, are the latest and most significant addition to Israel chess from the Soviet Union. Gulko, 38, a former USSR champion, and his wife applied for an exit visa to Israel some seven years ago. During that period they went on hunger strike once and were arrested several times for demonstrating in Moscow's Red Square with a placard, "Let us go to Israel."

Gulko was suspended from all tournaments for five years and was only re-admitted to active play some two years ago. He has since played with notable success in several major Soviet national events.

The Israel Chess Federation considered the best available possibilities for absorbing Gulko in the chess family. Anna was informed upon arrival by Eliahu Levant, director of the Beersheba Chess Club, that a job of full-time instructor was waiting for her there.

With Boris Gulko and Anna Achsharumova on the top boards of Israel's Olympic teams, the chances of capturing one of the leading places are greatly enhanced. But first of all we sincerely hope they will succeed in settling down happily in their new homeland.

USSR CHAMPIONSHIP 1986

BALASHOV — BELIAVSKY

1.d4 d5 2.c4 e6 3.Nf3 Nf6 4.g3 dc4 5.Bg2 b5!? 6.a4 c6 7.ab5 cb5 8.Ne5 Nd5 9.Nc3 Bb4 10.0-0! Bc3 11.e4! Bb2!? 12.ed5 Ba1 13.Ba3 a5 14.Qg4! b4 15.Qg7 Rf8 16.Ra1 Ra6 17.Bc1 ed5 18.Bh6 Rh6 19.Qh6 Be6 20.Re1 Qe7 21.Nc4! dc4 22.d5 Kd7 23.Qe3! Qd6 24.Qa7 Qc7 25.de6 fe6 26.Qd4 Kc8 27.Re6 c3 28.Bh3! Kb7 29.Qd5 Ka7 30.Bg2 Na6 31.Rc6. Black resigns.

LERNER — TZESHKOVSKY

1.Nf3 Nf6 2.c4 c5 3.g3 b6 4.Bg2 Bb7 5.0-0 g6 6.d3 Bg7 7.e4 0-0 8.Nc3 d6 9.Nh4 Nc6 10.f4 a6 11.a4 Rb8 12.Be3 e6 13.Bf2 Ne8 14.Nf3 Nd4 15.h3 f5! 16.ef5 gf5 17.Re1 Nc7 18.Bd4 cd4! 19.Nb1 e5! 20.Nbd2 ef4 21.gf4 Qf6 22.Qe2 Rfe8 23.Qf2 Ne6 24.Qg3 Nc5 25.Ng5 Re3! 26.Re3 de3 27.Bb7 Rb7 28.Qe3!? Qb2 29.Qe8 Bf8 30.Rd1 Re7 31.Qa8 Qd4 32.Kh1 Nd3 33.Rg1 Nf2 34.Kh2 Qf4 35.Rg3 Ng4! 36.hg3 Re2 37.Kh3 fg4 38.Kh4 Rh2 39.Nh3 Rh3 40.Rh3 gh3 41.Kh3 Qd2. White resigns.

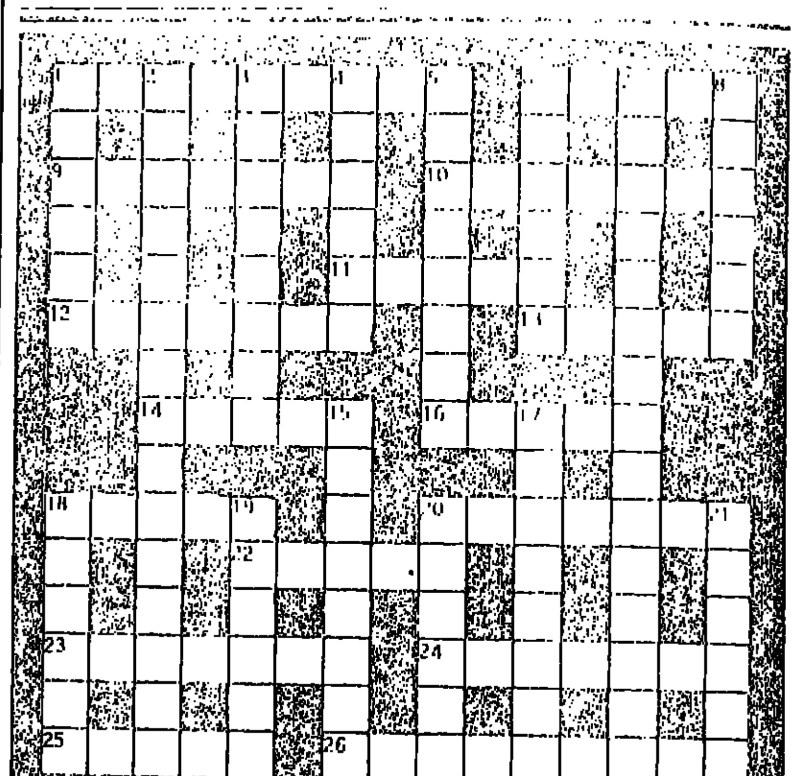
ART OF ATTACK

White – Ke1; Qf4; Rd1, Rh1; Bf1; Nc3, Nd6; Pa4, b2, c4, e4, g2. (12)

Black – Kg8; Qf8; Ra8; Be6, Bh8; Na6, Nc5; Pa5, b7, f7, g6. (11)

1.Qh4 Bc3 (1. – Qg7 2.Nf5!) 2.bc Qg7 3.Nf5! Qc3 4.Kf2 Ne4 5.Kg1 gf 6.Rd8. Black resigns. (Quinteros – Bouaziz, Salonika, 1984). □

Crosswords



Two-in-one

ACROSS

1 Bubbly mixes very well with whisky! (4-5)
6 Scold for undignified language (5)
9 Might one say, linked with idea of captivity? (7)
10 The book section (7)
11 Turner producing woodcuts? (5)
12 Turn old weapon back before modern one to inspect it (7)
13 Appropriately, this enchantress would sing rock music! (5)
14 William Morris, Lambert Simnel etc., in this non-Christian group (5)
16 Seemingly, the clothes we wear to jump out of bed (3, 2)
18 Usually more than one on hand—any number up to 9, in fact (5)
20 Massacre a fleeing lunatic, and might well hear these! (7)
22 Behave like this under stimulus to play again? (5)
23 System that puts a lot of reading matter at people's, fingertips (7)
24 Burst into bud? It's uncertain (2, 5)
25 One who is against us fighting, perhaps (5)
26 As it dries out, is subjected to ridicule and scorn (9)

DOWN

1 In Russia, a standard tool? (6)
2 Sell things like hot cakes! (2, 1, 7, 5)
3 Early form of flour power? (8)
4 We were hardly born to walk like this! (6)
5 Prompt help may be needed if one is doing badly (8)
6 Savagely criticises old writing materials (6)
7 Names of volumes? Quite the opposite (9, 6)
8 Call for a waiter in France (6)
15 Trains me to rebuild some high spots for 14 across (8)
17 ...Or rode at drunken Spaniard on horseback (8)
18 Greatly increase a large drink (6)
19 Hat girl who was hypnotised (6)
20 Martinet of a conductor demanding this tempo? (6)
21 Put in order, but badly stored (6)

Quickie

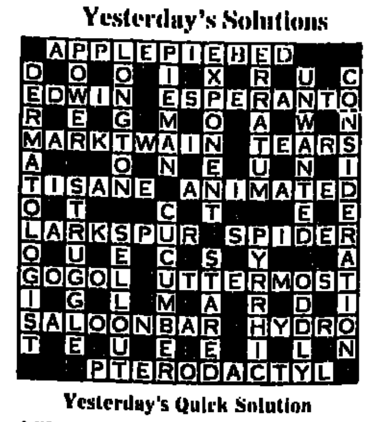
ACROSS

1 Held up (9)
6 Decorating material (5)
9 Parts of airports (7)
10 A cheese (7)
11 Manage to avoid (5)
12 Indistinct, as speech (7)
13 Despatches (5)
14 Strip of hide (5)
16 Biblical kingdom (5)
18 Footwear (5)
20 For a short time (7)
22 Piece of furniture (5)
23 Writing for the blind (7)
24 Ancient Roman official (7)
25 Garden tools (5)
26 Persons we don't know (9)

DOWN

1 We drink through them (6)
2 E.g., comma or colon (11,4)
3 Musical work (8)
4 Thrown (6)
5 Disagreements (8)
6 Amounts charged (6)
7 Soon (2,3,4,6)
8 Ball game (6)
15 They take chances (8)
17 A turning out (8)
18 Military aircraft (6)
19 Seats in theatre (6)
20 Improved (6)
21 Tyrolean calls (6)

Yesterday's Solutions



Yesterday's Quick Solution

ACROSS: 1 Regent, 4 Spark, 8 Cross, 9 Lenient, 10 Ringlet, 11 Idle, 12 Ham, 14 Spin, 15 Utah, 18 Gin, 21 Opus, 23 Athlete, 25 Emotion, 26 Outdo, 27 Petal, 28 Smudge. DOWN: 1 Record, 2 Grown-up, 3 Nestling, 4 Send, 5 Amend, 6 Kitten, 7 Cloth, 13 Mushroom, 16 Averted, 17 Bo-peep, 19 Nanny, 20 Remove, 22 U-boat, 24 Bill.

The New York Times crossword now appears with the New York Times Weekly Review in Mon'day's Jerusalem Post.

Messages from the dark side

Meir Ronnen

ONCE UPON a time the medium was the message, but now the message often takes over. Somewhat fortuitously, the Israel Museum this week mounted adjacent shows by three artists who telegraph messages with the written word, one of them dispensing with images altogether.

In the new Merzbacher galleries, curator Ygal Zalmona has mounted a huge "retrospective" of paintings by Israel's **Moshe Gershuni** made between 1980-86, his life-span as a painter *per se* (he was earlier chiefly a conceptual artist). In the adjoining Billy Rose Pavilion (now directly accessible via noisy wooden steps) curator Suzanne Landau has mounted works by two young American "message" artists, **Jenny Holzer** and **Barbara Kruger**.

The contrast between the two worlds is nevertheless marked. Despite the sanitizing effect of their impeccable display in the impeccable Merzbacher environment, Gershuni's highly personal, blood-and-guts expressionism makes the joint American effort look bloodless and arid. Gershuni has more in common with Germany's Anselm Kiefer, who also writes captions into his murky wrestlings with the soul of his people.

GERSHUNI, 49, was born in Tel Aviv, studied at the Avni Institute and was already a conceptualist when he became a teacher at the Bezalel in 1972. The ringleader of an abortive palace revolution there, he was ousted in 1977 and since teaches at the Art Teachers Training College in Ramat Hasharon, which has been in the forefront of New Painting in this country.

At the Israel Museum, Gershuni has been teacher's pet. His rise as one of this country's most singular and forceful painters has developed parallel to the museological career of one of his mentors, curator Ygal Zalmona; Gershuni's works have always taken pride of place in Zalmona's group shows and permanent displays. Director Martin Weyl writes, in the splendid catalogue, of an "intertwining" of activities between the museum and Gershuni and reminds us that Gershuni received the museum's prestigious Sandberg Prize in 1982.

Gershuni is thus in the perhaps envious position of being an artistic maverick and an establishment pet at one and the same time. The apparent paradox is strengthened by the fact that the museum cheerfully describes his oeuvre as "the aesthetics of the gutter" and even points up its homo-erotic aspects. The catalogue and wall text almost smacks its lips at the fact that Gershuni paints with his hands on all fours, dripping the paint and mixing oil sticks and graphite into what sometimes emerges as grime. Revelling in its role as flag-bearer of the avant-garde, the museum parades Gershuni as a sort of tame bear, publishing in the catalogue full-page photographs of the burly ursus himself, his paws dripping painterly mud and gore.

In fact the catalogue (with texts by Itamar Levi and Zalmona) has a field day with Gershuni's imagery, rolling out terms like visual sensuousness; corporeal-confessional; ironic-intellectual; maidenhood and modesty; fertility and death; sin and consolation; urine and light; lacquer-sap-sperm; colours of blood, pus, urine; crudeness and sophistication, etc.

Actually, it's all really there. Gershuni's iconography is a grab-bag of symbols, crudely but powerfully drawn, into which swirl the texts that give them an additional life, many of them drawn from the Bible. As the catalogue points out, the paintings are often repulsive in handling and colour from up close, but make sense as you – cringe – away from them. Swastikas and Shields of David, fetid cyclamens that look like engorged sex (and anal) organs, cypresses and written labels that seem to spring from 19th century Eretz Yisrael folk art (and not the early Bezalel period as the catalogue has it), but which sometimes refer to art history and Van Gogh. Another text takes Gustave Mahler to task for having foolishly tried to escape his Jewishness via conversion.

FOR WHAT much of Gershuni is about seems to be a quest for identity. Many of these works were created not only during the agony of our war in Lebanon but at a time when Gershuni was struggling with his own artistic and sexual identity. Which brings us to the central and only human element in his captioned iconography: the soldier. When I first saw his often gory portraits of "My Soldier," "Beautiful Soldier," "Hey, Soldier," "What a Terrific Soldier," etc., I could think of nothing but Lebanon and the trauma and agony it produced for all those anxious for their loved ones. But there is this whole other approach to be considered; and the catalogue makes no bones about the erotic attraction of the young soldier for the artist, putting, if not a completely different complexion on things, anxiety in another perspective.

Moshe Gershuni: "Our Father Our King" etching, 1985 and left, "Soldier, Soldier!" mixed-media on paper, 1982 (Israel Museum).

All this would be of no avail – and of no interest – if Gershuni's images – and compositions – didn't work. They generally do. Selections from his wonderful "Kaddish" series of etchings also on show (first seen at the Jerusalem Print Workshop) attest to his extraordinary graphic ability to organize masses. Some of his colour paintings contain original graphic ideas and make a virtue of his use of reds juxtaposed with his characteristic congealed urinal yellows. Even the paintings that aren't so successful in themselves seem all of a piece in this show, the sum of which is even greater than its parts.

The works are all on paper; the best of them are from the collection of Charles Majorkas, Switzerland.

This is an intensely Israeli, Jewish and universal show, the very singular record of a man in travail, the record of a man, who, like Van Gogh, tries to make some sense and order of the messiness of life, on paper if nowhere else.

I FIRST saw Jenny Holzer's verbal pictures, "posters" of lines of original texts at the last Kassel Documenta over five years ago. There are just texts, nothing else. Most of them were made up of one-line truisms which at first seemed close to the tacky little homilies printed at the bottom of the pages of Seven Star pocket diaries. But in Holzer's case, what caught my attention at once was their truly pertinent potted philosophy. Holzer is a clever writer – and even a thinker – who chooses to publish her thoughts as graphic art. She now presents her one-liners in the form of running billboard or marquee texts, using a digital electronic display; and that is the form of presentation now on view here. Barbara Kruger's huge photographs, embellished with brief, bold texts of even more do-gooding intent, are banal by comparison. □

Illustrating Babel

Gil Goldfine

IN THE graphic mode of Ryback, Adler, Grosz, a slice of Beckmann and America's Aaronson, **Joseph Jackerson** has made two dozen watercolour illustrations, material for sets he created for the play *Sunset*, a Habimah production based on the 1921 script by Isaac Babel.

Jackerson is an extremely accomplished draughtsman. Born in 1936, he was trained at the Leningrad Academy with additional study and participation in exhibits in Paris, Dresden and Moscow. Jackerson came here in 1973 and lives in Beersheba.

Characterized by tumultuous, unruly and spasmodic compositions, Jackerson's imagery of Jewish life in Babel's Odessa concentrates on the acerbic and near bestial behaviour between men. The vignettes are engulfed within the martial force of the entire picture. Jackerson, like other painters who tackle this particular type of subject matter, is obsessed with the narrative of Jewish persecution, Yiddish parable. He produces obvious caricature and predictable gestures. But the range of his technical abilities and superior rendering provides the viewer with a measure of more than just a "reading" of the art.

Paralleling the *Sunset* works on paper are 15 lithographs titled "The Passion," a resolute, strongly controlled, graphic epic of Jesus in modern Jerusalem, with plates devoted to miracles, judgments and crucifixion. These black-and-white full-sheet prints are imbued with the same diligent attention to detail, dramatic lighting, composition and character development as the mixed-media works. (Habimah Theatre Foyer, Habimah Theatre, Tel Aviv).

FIGURE DRAWINGS in black superlac on white paper backgrounds by **Raziah Merhav-Donio** are spontaneously brushed but immaturely conceived, portrayed as armless angels (male Winged Victory) with scribbles and linear incisions to add shock value. Merhav-Donio does little to raise her pictures above the level of the life-drawing class. (Tzavta Gallery, 30 Ibn Gvirol, Tel Aviv). Till Aug. 28.

AT A TILL now "womens' only" gallery, a current show, includes six males. Entitled "Big Group Show for a Small Gallery," it comprises 29 artists who have contributed works no larger than 25x30 cm. and little else. (Antea Gallery, 27 Shenkin, Tel Aviv). Till Aug. 27.

Rami Fichman shows small paintings (Maimad Katan, Proza Bookshop, Dizengoff Centre, Tel Aviv). Till Aug. 28.

Justin Sholk, black-and-white photographs (Kikar Gallery, Kikar Kedumim, Old Jaffa). Till Aug. 30.

A visit to the museum is educational. But kids enjoy it anyway.

Cinemas

JERUSALEM

BEIT AGRON Tel. 247587
Fri. 2: THE PRODUCERS
Fri. 4: SUBWAY
Sat. 7:30: THE SHINING
Sat. 9:30: PAPILLON
Sat. 12 midnight: BACHELOR PARTY

EDEN Tel. 223829
2nd week
FUNNY FARM
Sat. 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:30, 9:30

EDISON Tel. 221444/5
7th week
TEEN WOLF
Sat. 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:30, 9:30

NILS HOLGERSON
Weekdays 11 a.m.

HABIRA Tel. 232366
2nd week
Fri. 2:30; Sat. 9:15
Sat. 11 p.m.: Special screening
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30
RICOCHET
("Two Fingers From Sidon")
New Israeli film
English subtitle

KFIR Tel. 242523
2nd week
MONEY PIT
Sat. 9:30
Weekdays 7:30, 9:30

LADY HAWKE
Weekdays 11:30 a.m., 4:30

MITCHELL Tel. 227950
SHORT CIRCUIT
Sat. 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:30, 9:30

ORGIL Tel. 234176
Israel Premiere
Film directed by Paul Mazursky
TOUCHSTONE FILMS presents

* NICK NOLTIE
* RICHARD DREYFUSS
* BETTE MIDLER

Sat. 9:30 p.m.
Weekdays 5, 7:15, 9:30

CARE BEARS
Fri. 10:30 a.m.
Weekdays 10:30 a.m., 12:30 p.m.

ORION OR 1 Tel. 222914
5th week
THE COLOR PURPLE
Sat. 8:50
Weekdays 3, 6, 8:50
Please note screening hours

ROMANCING THE STONE
Weekdays 10:30 a.m.

ORION OR 3 Tel. 222914
5th week
KARATE KID II
Sat. 9:30
Weekdays 10:30, 4:30, 7, 9:30

ORNA Tel. 224733
7th and last week
POLICE ACADEMY III
Sat. 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:30, 9:30

RON Tel. 234704
2nd week
MIRACLES
Sat. 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:30, 9:30

SEMADAR Tel. 633742
8th week
PRIZZI'S HONOR
Sat. 9:15
Weekdays 7, 9:15

SMALL AUDITORIUM BINYENEI HA'UMA Tel. 225309
OUT OF AFRICA
Sat. 9:30
Weekdays 6:15, 9

TEL AVIV

ALLENBY Tel. 657820
5th week
GONE WITH THE WIND
Fri. 10, Sat. 8:30
Weekdays 4:30, 8:15

BEIT LEISSIN
34 Weizmann St. Tel. 216653
2nd week
LOST IN AMERICA
Fri. 2:30 p.m., 11:15 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 11:15 p.m.

BEN-YEHUDA Tel. 222759
3rd week
FUNNY FARM
Fri. 10 p.m., 12
Sat. 7:30, 9:30, 11:30
Weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:30

BETH HATEFUTSOTH
Tue. 7 p.m.
ZIONA – THE ZIONIST CONGRESSES

ZELIG
* WOODY ALLEN
Thur. 8:30

CHEN 1 Tel. 282288
TOUCHSTONE FILMS presents

Israel Premiere
Film directed by Paul Mazursky
* NICK NOLTIE
* RICHARD DREYFUSS
* BETTE MIDLER

Fri. 10 p.m., 12:20
Sat. 7:45, 9:55
Weekdays 3:30, 5:40, 7:50, 10

CARE BEARS
Fri. & Sat. 11 a.m.
Weekdays 11 a.m., 2:30, 4:30

CHEN 2
6th week
AFTER HOURS
Fri. 9:55 p.m., 12:05
Sat. 7:40, 9:50
Weekdays 5:50, 7:45, 9:50

CARE BEARS
Weekdays 4:25 p.m.

THE BLACK CAULDRON
Sat. & Fri. 11 a.m.
Weekdays 11, 2:20

CHEN 3
7th week
POLICE ACADEMY III
Fri. 10:p.m., 12:10
Sat. 7:50, 9:50
Weekdays 5:55, 7:50, 9:50

KARATE KID II
Fri., Sat. 11 a.m.
Weekdays 11, 2:10, 4:05

CHEN 4
7th week
SPIES LIKE US
Fri. 9:55 p.m., 12:10
Sat. 7:55, 9:55
Weekdays 6, 7:55, 10

BLACK CAULDRON
Weekdays 4:20 p.m.

THE JOURNEY OF NATTY GANN
Fri. & Sat. 11 a.m.
Weekdays 11 a.m., 2:15, 4:10

CHEN 5
8th week
EUROPEAN VACATION
Fri. 10, 12:05
Sat. 7:50, 9:50
Weekdays 5:50, 7:50, 9:50

DUMBO
Fri., Sat. 11 a.m.
Weekdays 11, 2:30, 4:30

CINEMA ONE Tel. 657952
COBRA
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:30, 9:30
Weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:30

CINEMA TWO Tel. 657952
2nd week
SECRET ADMIRER
Fri. 10; Sat. 7:30, 9:30
Weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:30

DEKEL Tel. 454114
2nd week
* TOM CONTI
* TERI GARR

in the fabulous, crazy comedy
MIRACLES
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:30, 9:30
Weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:30

DIZENGOFF I Tel. 200485
12th week
KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN
* WILLIAM HURT (Winner, Best Actor Academy Award)
* RAUL JULIA
* SONIA BRIGGS

Directed by Hector Babenco
Fri. 11 a.m., 1:30 p.m. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:20, 9:45
Weekdays 11 a.m., 1:30, 4:45, 7:20, 9:45

DIZENGOFF II Tel. 200485
12th week
3 HOMMES ET UN COUFIN
Winner of 3 French "Cesars"
A Comedy with soul!
Fri. 11 a.m., 1:30 p.m. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:20, 9:45
Weekdays 11 a.m., 1:30, 4:45, 7:20, 9:45

DIZENGOFF III Tel. 200485
5th week
TEEN WOLF
Fri. 11 a.m., 1:30, 10 p.m.
Sat. 6:30, 9:30
Weekdays 11 a.m., 1:30, 4:45, 7:20, 9:45

DRIVE-IN Tel. 403080
RUNAWAY
Sat. and Weekdays 10 p.m.

HOUSE COMMITTEE RIVALRY
Sat. and weekdays 8 p.m.

Sex film
Fri. 12:15 midnight
Weekdays 12 midnight

ESTHER Tel. 225610
THE HITCHER
Fri. 10. Sat. 7:30, 9:40
Weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:40

GAT Tel. 267888
6th week
THE COLOR PURPLE
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 6:30, 9:30
Weekdays 3:15, 6:15, 9:15

NEW CINEMA GORDON
87 Ben Yehuda, Tel. 244373
7th and last week
BAR 51
Sat. 8, 10
Weekdays 5, 7:45, 9:45

HOD
2nd week
THE MONEY PIT
* TOM HANKS
* SHELLY LONG
* ALEXANDER GODUNOV
* MAUREEN STAPLETON

Fri. 10 p.m., 12
Sat. 7:30, 9:30
Weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:30

ISRAEL CINEMATHEQUE Tel. 258200
Sat. 8:00 p.m.
ALLEGRO NON TROPPO
Sat. 9:45 p.m.
WITNESS

LEV I Tel. 288868
Dizengoff Centre
12th week
CREATOR
Fri. 11:30 a.m., 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:40, 9:40
Weekdays 11:30 a.m., 2, 5, 7:40, 9:40

LEV II Tel. 288868
Dizengoff Centre
LOVESICK ALEX
Fri 11:30 a.m., 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:40, 9:40
Weekdays 11:30, 2, 5, 7:40, 9:40

LEV III Tel. 288868
7th week
TURTLE DIARY
Based on the novel by Russell Hoban
Screenplay by Harold Pinter
* *GLENDA JACKSON*
* BEN KINGSLEY

Fri. 11:30 a.m., 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:40, 9:40
Weekdays 11:30, 2, 5, 7:40, 9:40

LEV IV Tel. 288868
7th week
MISHIMA
Fri. 10 p.m.; Sat. 9:40 p.m.
Weekdays 9:30 p.m.

WILD CATS
Fri. 11:30 a.m.; Sat. 7:40 p.m.
Weekdays 11:30, 2, 5, 7:40

LIMOR HAMEHUDASH Tel 260773
4th week
JUST BETWEEN FRIENDS
Fri. 10 p.m., 12
Sat. 7:30, 9:30
Weekdays 5, 7:30 9:30

Sat. 11 a.m.
REMO

MAXIM Tel. 287457
16th week
9½ WEEKS
Sat. 7:30, 9:30
Weekdays 7:15, 9:30

NILS HOLGERSON
Weekdays 11 a.m., 5 p.m.

MOGRABI Tel. 298331
CLOSED FOR RENOVATIONS

ORLY Tel. 284025
3rd week
RUNAWAY TRAIN
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 5, 7:15, 9:30

PARIS Tel. 222282
5th week
LA COLMENA
Sat. 7:30, 9:30
Weekdays 12 noon, 2, 4, 7, 9:30

Fri. 2:30: THE BIG CHILL
4:30: DODES KADEN
10 p.m., 12: MONTY PYTHON – TIME BANDITS
Sat. 1:30 a.m.: LOVE AND WAR
Sat. 11 a.m.: THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH
5 p.m.: EVERYTHING YOU WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SEX
11:30 p.m.: MONTY PYTHON AND THE HOLY GRAIL
Thur. 1:30 a.m.: CLOCKWORK ORANGE

PEER Tel. 443795
2nd week
RICOCHETS
("Two Fingers From Sidon")
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:30, 9:30.
Weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:30
New Israeli film
English subtitles

SHAHAF Tel. 296645
23rd week
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 5:45, 9:15
OUT OF AFRICA
Based on a true story
* ROBERT REDFORD
* MERYL STREEP

STUDIO Tel. 295817
CLOSED FOR RENOVATIONS

TAMUZ
Tel. 412761
THE GODS MUST BE CRAZY

A Tamie Uys film made with much affection and pleasant madness
Fri. 10 p.m., 12:15
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 5, 7:15, 9:30
Sat. 11:45 p.m.: THE HOTEL NEW HAMPSHIRE
Sun. 11:45 p.m.: SHAME OF THE JUNGLE
Mon. 11:45 p.m.: TAXI DRIVER
Tue. 11:45 p.m.: THE SHINING
Wed. 11:45 p.m.: BEING THERE
Thur. 11:45 p.m.: AMERICAN POP

TCHELET Tel. 443950
AGNES OF GOD
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

TEL AVIV Tel. 288181
3rd week
SHORT CIRCUIT
Fri. 10 p.m., 12
Sat. 7:30, 9:30
Weekdays 5, 7:15, 9:30

TEL AVIV MUSEUM Tel. 261297
10th week
SHOAH

ZAFON Tel. 443966
2nd week
3 HOMMES ET UN COUFIN
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:30, 9:45
Weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:45

HAIFA

AMPHITHEATRE Tel. 664017/8
2nd week
NINJA TERMINATOR
* RICHARD HARRISON
* WUNG CHENG LEE

Sat. 7, 9:15
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:15
closed Friday

ARMON Tel. 664848
THE HITCHER
Sat. 7, 9:15
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:15

ATZMON Tel. 663003
2nd week
YOUNGBLOOD
* ROBERT LAWE

Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7, 9:15
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:15

CENTRE CULTUREL FRANCAIS
At Haifa Cinematheque
Sun. 10
UN AMOUR DE SWANN
* O. MUTTI
* A. DELON

CHEN Tel. 666272
3rd week
KARATE KID II
Sat. 7, 9:15
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:15

KEREN OR HAMEHUDASH Tel. 663443
A NOS AMOURS
Sat. 7, 9:15
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:15

Sat. 11:30 p.m.:
LORD OF THE RINGS

Thur. 11:30 p.m.:
MONTY PYTHON – THE LIFE OF BRIAN

ORAH Tel. 664017/8
2nd week
3 HOMMES ET UN COUFIN
A comedy by C. Serreau
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7, 9:15
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:15

ORLY Tel. 81868
POLICE ACADEMY III
Sat. and weekdays 7, 9:15

Children's film
CARE BEAR
Fri. 11 a.m.
Weekdays 11, 4:30

هكذا من الأصل

Film briefs

Dan Fainaru

A NOS AMOURS – Maurice Pialat here focuses on the generation gap and on people feeling trapped in situations they can't handle. Fascinating film, authentically portraying the pains of living and getting along with kin.

AFTER HOURS – Martin Scorsese takes you along for one night in downtown New York, more exactly Soho, as seen through the eyes of a typical middle-class bachelor on the make. A kind of modern "Alice in Wonderland," it is loaded with plenty of humour, sometimes verging on the macabre, and conducted with gusto by Scorsese. Griffin Dunne is great as the modern version of Alice, and a series of cameos exploit the talents of Rosanna Arquette, Terri Garr, John Heard, Cheech and Chong, Verna Bloom, Linda Fiorentino and more.

BAR 51 – An incestuous love story between a brother and a sister, with the sleazier side of Tel Aviv nightlife as the background. Director Amos Guttman displays yet again his visual imagination, but there is very little in the script to justify the images. Giuliano Mer plays the leading part in a perfectly constipated manner, Semadar Rilchinsky fares much better as the passive sister, and Ada Valerie Tal and Alon Aboutboul supply exotic cameos.

THE COLOR PURPLE – A black soap opera to drain your tear ducts. A black woman grows from social and personal slavery into an accomplished and fulfilled human being. Director Steven Spielberg milks every melodramatic situation for all it is worth, painting the villains all black and the heroines all innocent and pure at heart. Whoopi Goldberg, Oprah Winfrey, Danny Glover and the rest of the cast lend a helping hand to what is assuredly the most professional tearjerker to be made in years. No wonder it is such a box office success.

DODESKADEN – Akira Kurosawa's 13-year-old movie seems to be a strange combination of Gorky's *Lower Depths* and de Sica's *Miracle in Milan*, sprinkled with a strong dose of his own profound pessimism. The theme: life itself is unbearable and bliss is only to be found in an escape from reality. A most carefully orchestrated film.

THE FALCON AND THE SNOWMAN – John Schlesinger's dead earnest adaptation of Robert Linsey's book about Christopher Boyce and Andrew Daulton Lee, two young Americans caught selling information to the KGB and condemned to long terms in prison. For Schlesinger this is a parable of innocence crushed by systems it can't control. It is also meant to show the absurdities of these systems and to convince us that East and West, capitalism and communism, are in the final analysis equally despicable and grotesque. A bit too much to accomplish with a script that is too flimsy for such lofty ambitions, and for a director who *concentrates more on the* documentary value of the story than on fleshing it out interestingly. Timothy Hutton and Sean Penn are repeating themselves here, albeit very pleasantly.

HOTEL NEW HAMPSHIRE – Based on the John Irving novel, a saga about a middle-class family in New England. Albeit with good photography and music, the movie is filled with too many disjointed characters, commenting, Irving-style, on modern society in all its weirdness.

HOUSE COMMITTEE RIVALRY – A pallid, unfunny satire of Israeli politics, squandering the talents of top Israeli entertainers, Hagashash Hahiver, in a series of heavy-handed, transparent and obvious jokes, held together by an almost nonexistent plot. Director Avi Cohen and scriptwriter Assi Dayan could have done better.

KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN – A homosexual and a revolutionary share the same cell in an imaginary jail of an imaginary authoritarian state. Their ensuing relationship dwells on the relative notions of freedom, escape and imagination. A fascinating, complex novel by Manuel Puig becomes a virtuoso piece for two actors, William Hurt (who got an Oscar for his performance) and Raul Julia. It is tensely directed by Hector Babenco, often confusing and as often entrancing.

LA COLMENA – Adaptation of a well-known Spanish novel of the same name, "The Beehive." Set in a Madrid cafe in 1943, a myriad of characters of every type meet and interact, sometimes moving home, but always returning to "The Beehive." Director Mario Camus takes a ponderous view of all this, using too many characters and therefore never managing to develop more than brief vignettes for each one of them. Some reputable Spanish stars, including Francisco Rabal and Ana Belen. Berlin Film Festival prize winner.

LADY HAWKE – A bewitched, adventure tale set in Italy in the Middle Ages, with an impossible love story that is made possible in spite of everything. Entertaining, if nothing more serious.

LORD OF THE RINGS – Great animation art based on Tolkien's story. For those who have never been introduced to the Hobbit – a splendid opportunity to meet Tolkien's little people, now larger than life.

LOVESICK ALEX – Boaz Davidson, who invented the *Lemon Popsicle* series, goes even farther back in his memories to his bar-mitzva, but all that he comes up with is an even paler version of the oversexed youth living in a kind of limbo which could be any country in the world, going through a *tzena* (austerity) period. Joseph Shiloah offers his broadest and most insulting version of the slimy Persian, complete with phony accent and gold front teeth.

MISHIMA – A highly elaborate but not quite successful attempt to deal with the life, the credos and the work of Japanese author Yukio Mishima, a genius, a homosexual and a fascist who committed seppuku after a failed attempt to organize a military coup d'état. Director Paul Schrader tries to understand it all through a detailed account of Mishima's last day, combined with flashbacks from his past, and selected dramatizations of his works. It works better as an exercise in eccentric film-making than as a human tragedy.

9½ WEEKS – The title indicates the length of the relationship between a macho stockbroker and a luscious blonde working in an art gallery. The couple explore the outer limits of sexual experimentation, with only the cleaner stuff shown clearly, just what middle-class morality would consider bearable outrageousness. Mickey Rourke looks like a tough guy lost in a tuxedo, and Kim Basinger looks better than she acts. Adrian (*Flashdance*) Lyne directs a pretty, stylish and totally vacuous movie.

POLICE ACADEMY III – No one over 10 years old should be allowed into this picture, and even for tots it might be considered mental cruelty. Even if it was shot separately from its predecessor, this film looks suspiciously like out-takes from the already-feeble first Police Academy. The excuse of a plot, concerning a competition with another academy, is dropped at the slightest excuse for no good reason at all. Jerry Paris directed as if he had never seen the whole script from beginning to end, and Steve Guttenberg, who is certainly capable of more, looks mighty uncomfortable in this mess.

REMO WILLIAMS: THE ADVENTURE BEGINS – A vulgar New York cop becomes a super-agent after being carefully trained for his new task by an ancient Korean, a master at Sinanju, the deadly art of combat that puts kung fu, karate, judo and all the rest to shame. A parody of the genre, it is packed with absurdities to such an extent that it becomes amusing. Fred Ward is solid, pig-headed and valiant as the sympathetic bully turned spy, but Joel Grey steals the show as the puppet-like Asian, wrinkled beyond recognition, with plenty of tricks up his sleeve. Old-timer Guy Hamilton, weaned on James Bond, seems to enjoy himself directing this lark.

RICOCHETS – The life of an Israeli patrol in Lebanon during the last few weeks before the pull-back is portrayed from a strictly Israeli point of view. The soldiers are endearing, humane and bright; the Arabs, a faceless threat. The realistic acting creates an authentic atmosphere, almost as if this were a documentary shot by one side about its own people and limited only to that aspect. As far as this goes, director Eli Cohen made an efficient, often moving portrait of the life, frustrations and pent-up anger of the average Israeli soldier fighting a war whose essence has long been lost on him. Ronnie Pinkovitch, Alon Abouthoul and Shaul Mizrahi head one of the most homogenously successful casts in recent Israeli films.

RUNAWAY TRAIN – Two escaped convicts board a driverless train racing amok on its way to nowhere, in a tense and well-acted thriller by American-based, Russian director Andrei Konchalovsky. There may be significant political allusions to prison states, and philosophical ones, concerning man's obligation to struggle against his fate to the very last, but the action is the thing. John Voight and Eric Roberts were both nominated for Academy Awards, and quite rightly so.

SHOAH – A unique experience in the annals of our century, a brilliantly conceived, deeply disturbing and profoundly affecting mammoth work, which takes the Holocaust out of the history books and drops it right in our laps. In nine and a half hours of interviews, Claude Lanzmann fills in all the details which transform the mechanism of genocide from an abstract idea to horrific reality and at the same time offers a despairing image of the world which could conceive it so thoroughly and could go on living without learning anything out of it. No responsible human being can afford to miss this essential lesson.

SPIES LIKE US – Two bumbling agents supposed to be decoys in a CIA plot to get at Russian missiles in Asia, finally have to carry out the mission themselves. All of this is fine stuff for another crazy comedy by John Landis, once again exploiting the *Saturday Night Live* crew, in this instance Dan Ayckroyd and Chevy Chase. As usual in Landis pictures, rampant anarchy includes flat jokes, but fast delivery saves the day. There are so many gags, coming so quickly, there's little time to complain.

TURTLE DIARY – An assistant bookseller and an author of children's books make up their minds to free the turtles from their confinement in an aquarium tank and set them free in the Atlantic. Part romantic comedy, part caper, possibly intended as social satire, but pretty pedestrian on all-levels, in spite of the fact that Harold Pinter wrote the script and Glenda Jackson joins forces with Ben Kingsley to liberate the enslaved turtles.

YOUNGBLOOD – This one is *Rocky* on ice, the story of a farm boy who wants to be a hockey star in the toughest league in the world. As young and innocent as he is, he believes talent is enough, but he soon learns that unless one punches his opponent as hard as he hit the puck, there is no future in this sport. Predictable, naive and amateurish, it stars Rob Lowe who is too soft and good-looking to be taken seriously, particularly since director Peter Markle is as interested in his behind as he is in his Thespian talents.

Some of the films listed are restricted to adult audiences. Please check with the cinema.

PEER Tel. 662232
TOUCHSTONE FILMS presents

Israel Premiere
Film directed by Paul Mazursky
* NICK NOLTIE
* RICHARD DREYFUSS
* BETTE MIDLER

Fri. 10 p.m.; Sat. 7:30, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:15

RAV-GAT 1
6th week
THE COLOR PURPLE
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 6, 9

Children's film
Fri. 11 a.m.
Weekdays 11 a.m., 4:30
ALICE IN WONDERLAND

RAV-GAT 2
6th week
AFTER HOURS
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 7, 9:15

Children's film
MARY POPPINS
Fri. 11 a.m.
Weekdays 11 a.m., 4:30

RON Tel. 669069
3rd week
THE GREAT MADNESS
* SEFI RIVLIN

Sat. 7, 9:15
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9

SHAVIT Tel. 385345
Russian film
LOVE ON THE VOLGA
Sat. and Weekdays 7, 9:15

RAMAT GAN

ARMON Tel. 720706
TOUCHSTONE FILMS presents

Film directed by Paul Mazarsky
* *NICK NOLTIE*
* RICHARD DREYFUSS
* BETTE MIDLER

Fri. 10 p.m.; Sat. 7:30, 9:15
Weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:45

LILY Tel. 744238
3rd week
SHORT CIRCUIT
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 5, 7:15, 9:30

RAMAT GAN Tel. 7514564
Closed for renovations

OASIS Tel. 739592
3rd week
THE COLOR PURPLE
Fri. 10. p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 6, 9

ORDEA Tel. 721720
2nd week
HOUSE COMMITTEE RIVALRY
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

RAV-GAN 1 Tel. 797121
4th week
AFTER HOURS
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 7:30, 9:50

DUMBO
Fri. 11 a.m.
Sat. 11 a.m., 12:30 (noon)
Weekdays 11, 3, 5:10

RAV-GAN 2
4th week
EUROPEAN VACATION
Fri. 10 p.m.; Sat. 7:50, 9:50
Weekdays 7:30, 9:50

CARE BEARS
Fri. 11 a.m.
Sat. 11 a.m., 12:30 (noon)
Weekdays 11, 3, 5

RAV-GAN 3
AGNES OF GOD
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 7:30, 9:50

KARATE KID II
Fri. and Sat. 11 a.m.
Weekdays 11, 3, 5:10

RAV-GAN 4
POLICE ACADEMY III
Sat. and weekdays 7:30, 9:50

THE BLACK CAULDRON
Fri. 11 a.m.
Sat. 11 a.m., 12:35 (noon)
Weekdays 11, 3, 5:15

HERZLIYA

DAVID Tel. 540768
YOUNGBLOOD
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 5, 7:15, 9:30

BABY (Walt Disney)
Weekdays 11 a.m.

HECHAL Tel. 81505
3rd week
FUNNY FARM
Sat. 7:30, 9:30
Weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:30

NEW TIFERET Tel. 87300
POLICE ACADEMY III
Sat. 7:30, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:30, 9:30

DANIEL HOTEL THE AUDITORIUM
Sat., Sun., Mon., Tues., Thur. 7:15, 9:30
CREATOR

HOLON

ARMON HAMEHUDASH Tel. 842431
3rd week
KARATE KID II
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 5, 7:15, 9:30

Fri. 10 p.m.: ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW
Sat. 11:30 p.m.: CLOCKWORK ORANGE
Thur. 11:30 p.m.: HIGH ANXIETY

MIGDAL Tel. 841839
DOWN AND OUT IN BEVERLY HILLS
Fri. 10
Sat. and weekdays 7:30, 9:40

THE BLACK CAULDRON
Weekdays 5

SAVOY Tel. 847141
3rd week
FUNNY FARM
Fri. 10. Sat. 7:30, 9:30
Weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:30

BAT YAM

ATZMAUT Tel. 866320
3rd week
FUNNY FARM
Sat. 7:30, 9:30
Weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:30

GIVATAYIM

HADAR Tel. 719002
3rd week
FUNNY FARM
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:30, 9:30
Weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:30

PETAH TIKVA

G.G. HECHAL 1 Tel. 917374
2nd week
POLICE ACADEMY II
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:30, 9:30
Weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:30
Mon. 7:30, 9:30 only

G.G. HECHAL 2
3rd week
FUNNY FARM
Fri. 10 p.m., Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:30

G.G. HECHAL 3
2nd week
MONEY PIT
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:30, 9:30
Weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:30

RAMAT HASHARON

KOCHAV Tel. 491979
LITTLE PRINCE
Fri., Sat., Mon., Tue., Wed., Thur. 11 a.m.

NO MILK TODAY

Fri. 9:30 p.m., Sat. 7
Weekdays 4:30, 7
YEAR OF THE DRAGON
Fri. 11:30 p.m.
Sat. 9:30 p.m., 12
Weekdays 9:30 p.m.
TOP SECRET

Cinematheque August 15-22

Fri. 14:30 Prizzi's Honor, Dir: John Huston.
Sat. 20:00 Into the Night, Dir: John Landis; 22:00 Narayama – Bushi Ko, Dir: Shohei Imamura.
Mon. 19:00 The Emerald Forest, Dir: John Boorman; 19:00 Pourquoi Israel, Dir: Claude Lanzmann (small hall); 21:30 Wise Blood, Dir: John Huston; 22:15 I Soliti Ignoti, Dir: Mario Monicelli (small hall).
Tue. 16:00 Annie, Dir: John Huston; 19:00 Erendira, Dir: Ruy Guerra; 19:00 Soldier Girls, Dir: Nick Broomfield (small hall); 21:00 1789, Dir: Ariane Mnouchkine; 21:30 Giulietta Degli Spiriti, Dir: Federico Fellini.
Wed. 19:00 Trading Places, Dir: John Landis; 19:00 The Go-Between, Dir: Joseph Losey (small hall); 21:00 Blood of the Condor, Dir: Jorge Sanjines (small hall); 21:30 Hieronymous Merkin, Dir: Anthony Newley.
Thur. 19:00 Deliverance, Dir: John Boorman; 19:30 Hotel New York, Dir: Jackie Raynal (small hall); 21:30 The Big Sleep, Dir: Howard Hawks (small hall); 21:30 Under the Volcano, Dir: John Huston; 24:00 The Seven Year Itch, Dir: Billy Wilder.
Fri. 14:30 Mephisto, Dir: Istvan Szabo.

Wolfson Garden – Derech Hevron, JERUSALEM – Tel. 715398

هكذا من الأصل

The poster August 15 – 21

(Daniel Blatt)

(Above) Adi Etzion sings in an evening of works by Brecht/Weill, at Beit Leissin in Tel Aviv tonight; (below) Arik Sinai appears at El Hamam in Old Jaffa tonight.

MUSIC

All programmes start at 8:30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

FAMILY MUSICAL HAPPENING – Light classical music with the Harmonia Woodwind Ensemble (Ticho House garden, Wednesday at 5:30 p.m.)

Haifa

GUITAR RECITAL – *Yehuda Schryer. Works by Dowland, Bach, Albeniz and others. (Haifa Museum, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

THEATRE

All productions are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

BRURIA – Produced by the Theatre Company of Jerusalem. A contemporary drama based on the Talmud (in English). (Pargod, Tuesday at 9:30 p.m.)

"ELEF ESTER" – Jerusalem Theatre Company production. Life reflected through the eyes of Queen Esther. (Pargod, Thursday at 9:30 p.m.)

FLATMATES – By Shmuel Amid. A Jewish teacher and an Arab student are flatmates in Tel Aviv. (Khan, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

ALL MY SONS EXCEPT NAOMI or THE SHORTEST SWITZERLAND – Beit Lessin production. A satire on Israeli society. (Beit Lessin, Monday through Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

ANIMAL FARM – By George Orwell. Camerl Theatre production. Satirical allegory. (Camerl, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

BRECHT-WEILL EVENING – Sung by Adi Etzion (in Hebrew, English and German). (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, tonight at 9 p.m.)

CAN'T PAY WON'T PAY – By Dario Fo. Habimah Theatre production. Comedy about Israeli-style inflation. (Habimah, Rovina, tomorrow at 9:30 p.m., Sunday at 8:30 p.m.)

"CREMBO" – By Kobi Niv. Neve Zedek production. Political cabaret. (Neve Zedek, tonight at 10 p.m., Thursday at 9 p.m.)

DEATH OF A BUREAUCRAT – By Anton Chekhov, Beersheba Municipal Theatre production. A selection from his early stories. (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, Monday at 9 p.m.)

THE FALL – By Albert Camus. Hasimtah production. The rise and fall of a Parisian lawyer. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

FREE COUPLE – by Dario Fo. Beit Leissin production. Comedy about a young couple's sexual experiments. (Beit Hehayal, Monday, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

HOW TO BE A JEWISH MOTHER IN TEN LESSONS – Comedy by Dan Greenberg. Yuval Theatre production. (Holon, Kiryat Sharett, tonight at 10 p.m.)

"KIDDUSH" – Family drama written and directed by Shmuel Hasofri. (Camerl, Sunday at 8:30 p.m.; Tzavta, Monday, Tuesday at 8:30 p.m.)

LAST SUMMER – By J. Chambers. A group of lesbians hold an annual gathering. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

THE NEST – By Franz Kroetz. Camerl production. (Tzavta, Wednesday, Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

ON HIS FACE – By Yonathan Geffen. Songs, monologues, improvisations – about confessions at bars. (Beit Leissin, tonight at 9 p.m., tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.)

TO BETRAY OR NOT TO BETRAY? – Yuval Theatre production. Comedy about married life (Beit Hehayal, tomorrow at 9:30 p.m.)

UNCLE VANYA – By Chekhov. Habimah Theatre production. About courage and hope. (Habimah, Meskin, Monday through Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

Others

TO BETRAY OR NOT TO BETRAY? – See T.A. (Carmiel, Hechal Hatarbut, tonight at 10 p.m.)

FOR CHILDREN

Jerusalem

BECAUSE OF THE HOLES IN THE CHEESE – Puppets and actors in an enchanted forest. (Israel Museum, Tuesday at 11 a.m., 12.30 p.m.)

GOLDEN HAIR – By the Train Theatre. Story of a boy who wants to marry the king's daughter. (Train Theatre, Liberty Bell Garden, today at 3 p.m., tomorrow, Monday through Thursday at 11 a.m., also tomorrow at noon, Monday, Wednesday at 4:30 p.m.)

GOLDILOCKS AND THE THREE BEARS – Musical Theatre. (Kahn, Monday at 5 p.m.)

IN THE SHADOW OF PALM TREES – By the Train Theatre. (Liberty Bell Garden, Amphitheatre, Tuesday at 5 p.m.)

KING MATIA THE FIRST – Theatre by Habimah. About a boy's dreams. (Jerusalem Theatre, Tuesday, Thursday at 4 and 7 p.m., Wednesday at 4 p.m.)

MAGIC SHOW – (Harmony House, 17 Yoel Salomon, Wednesday at 4:30 p.m.)

AN ORDINARY DAY – By the Train Theatre. (Liberty Bell Garden, Amphitheatre, Sunday at 5 p.m.)

POETRY HOUR – Ages 4-7. (Israel Museum, Thursday at 11 a.m.)

STORY-TELLING HOUR – For ages 6-10. (Ticho House, Sunday at 4 p.m.)

STORY-TELLING HOUR – For ages 4-6. (Israel Museum, Tuesday at 11 a.m.)

WHEN THE SNAKE AND THE MOUSE FIRST MET – Children's poems. (Harmony House, Tuesday at 4:30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

BECAUSE OF THE HOLES IN THE CHEESE – See J'lem. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

ELEPHANTS...SHMELEPHANTS – By the Train Theatre. About two elephants. (Hayarkon Park, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

FROM FLY TO ELEPHANT – Based on stories by A. Hillel. Ages 5-12 (Beit Leissin, tomorrow at 11:30 a.m.)

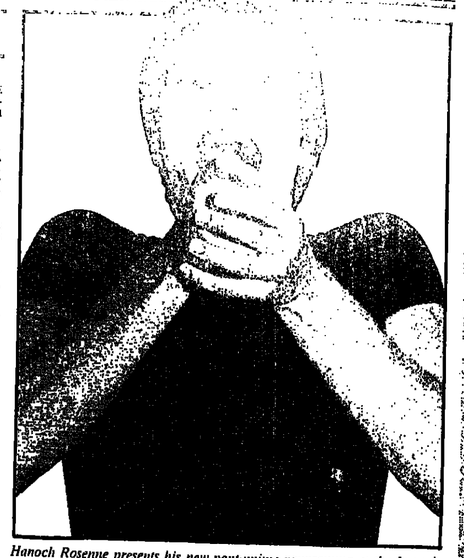
DANCE

Tel Aviv area

CINDERELLA. – Fully-staged production by the Israel Ballet. Choreography: Bertha Yampolsky; Music: Sergei Prokofiev. (Habimah, Rovina, Tuesday, Thursday at 8:30 p.m., Wednesday at 5 p.m.)

Others

CINDERELLA. – See T.A. (Kfar Menahhem, Beit Yad Lebanim, tomorrow at 6 p.m.)



Hanoch Rosenne presents his new pantomime programme at the Jerusalem Theatre tomorrow night. (Muhi & Haramaty)

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem

ADVENTURES IN JAZZ – With well-known musicians. (Pargod, today at 1:30 p.m., Wednesday at 9:30 p.m.)

DON'T HOLD ME TO MY WORD – New pantomime programme with Hanoch Rosenne. (Jerusalem Theatre, Rebecca Crown Auditorium, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

GUITAR CONCERT – Oscar Sher' plays South American music, jazz, plus own compositions. (Harmony House, 17 Yoel Salomon, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

IMPROVED ONE-TIME EVENING – Special performance with Gidi Gov, Yoni Rechter, Shlomo Bar-Abba, Shlomo Yidov and Muni Moshonov. (Jerusalem Theatre, tomorrow at 9:30 p.m.)

JAZZ EVENING – (Harmony House, Thursday at 9:30 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAVE MALKA – The Diaspora Yeshiva Band. (Mount Zion Centre, tomorrow at 9:30 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAVE MALKA – (Israel Centre, 10 Straus, tomorrow at 9:45 p.m.)

ON A LOW FLAME – Avner Strauss – original guitar pieces, flamenco, jazz, songs. (Pargod, tomorrow at 9:30 p.m.)

POETRY PLUS CLASSICS – Poetry-reading plus classical music on guitar and flute. (Harmony House, Sunday at 8:30 p.m.)

RABBI SHLOMO CARLEBACH – Hassidic songs. (Pargod, Monday at 9:30 p.m.)

1,000 FACES – Pantomime with Julian Chagrin and Rolanda Kahn. (Khan, Tuesday at 8:30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

ALONE – Yitzhak (Churchill) Klepter presents his music. (Beit Lessin, Upper Cellar, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

ARIK SINAI – Old and new songs. (Old Jaffa, El Hamam, tonight at 9:45 p.m.)

THE BEST OF SHOLEM ALEICHEM – Stories by the famous Yiddish writer, performed in English. (Diplomat Hotel, tomorrow at 9:30 p.m.)

JAZZ EVENING – (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, tonight at midnight)

JAZZ – Classical style. (Dan Hotel, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.)

JAZZ EVENING – (Little Tzavta, Thursday at 10:45 p.m.)

KORIN ALAL – Israel rock. (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, tonight at 11:30 p.m.)

MATTI CASPI AND THE PARVARIM – Songs from South America. (Old Jaffa, El Hamam, tomorrow at 10 p.m.)

MEIR ARIEL – Sings his songs. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, Monday at 9 p.m.)

SILK ROAD – Yehudis Ravitz solo. (Tzavta, tonight at 9:30 p.m., midnight)

STAND UP COMEDY – Well-known local humourists improvise. (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, Tuesday at 10 p.m.)

UPPER JAZZ CELLAR – (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, Sunday at 9:30 p.m.)

WITH A STRAIGHT FACE – Hanna Laszlo presents skits and songs. (Holon, Rina, tonight at 10 p.m.; Tel Aviv, Beit Hehayal, Wednesday, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

YAFFA YARKONI – Songs of Eretz Yisrael. (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

Haifa

CAFETORION – Actress Ruth Segal hosts various artists. (Haifa Museum, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

ROCK-VIDEO NIGHTS – Progressive rock of the Seventies. (Haifa Museum, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

WITH A STRAIGHT FACE – See T.A. (Haifa Auditorium, Monday, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

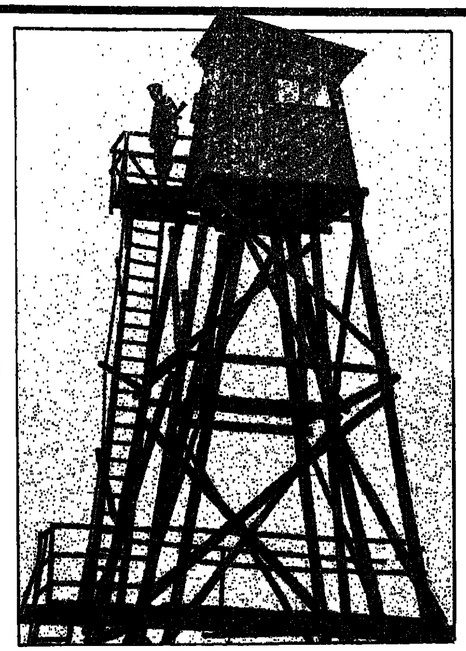
Others

A CHORUS LINE – Musical from Broadway. (Caesarea, Amphitheatre, Tuesday through Thursday at 9 p.m.)

WITH A STRAIGHT FACE – See T.A. (Acre, Auditorium, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

For last minute changes, and to check if programmes are for subscribers only, please contact box office.

Material for publication must be at *The Jerusalem Post* offices in Jerusalem (in writing) on the Sunday morning of the week of publication.



marcation lines between the Soviet and Western occupation zones, the borders between the two Germanys and in Berlin were rather easy to cross.

Until 1952 one could go from East to West by walking through fields and forests, and the worst that might happen would be to be turned back by a border patrol. East Germans could also travel to West Germany on vacations, and those who wanted to defect simply did not return home. As more and more left, the authorities clamped down. In 1952 travel restrictions were imposed and the borders tightened up. In 1956 they became even tighter.

But there was always Berlin, an open city in which a subway ride or stroll from one side of the street to the other was all it took to travel from communism to capitalism. From West Berlin one merely took a plane to West Germany.

Thus, in the first 16 years after World War II, some 3.5 million East Germans came to the West. Some were indeed victims of political persecution. Many more merely wanted to join relatives in the West. But the vast majority came because life in West Germany was better and brighter, the opportunities greater. East Germany had borne the heavier brunt of reparations for the war, and its system of communism was simply not working.

THE MORE that left, however, the worse things got. The economic chaos caused by the exodus defies description. Day after day, in any village or town, factory hands would be gone, miners would fail to show up for work, farmers would disappear from the fields, shops would remain shut because their owners had defected, schoolchildren would come to classes and find their teachers gone, patients waited in vain for doctors who had deserted them for more lucrative practice in West Germany.

"The entire economy was falling apart," an East German in a small town once told me. "I recall the day four bus drivers left. That put the whole bus system off schedule, making people late for work, slowing down production in the factories, causing havoc in the shops and schools."

To plug one hole in the dyke, the regime made new ones, largely by resorting to threats, pressure and prosecution. This caused more disaffection and induced more people to leave.

The Wall was the ultimate step. Ruthless as it was, however, and grim as it remains, it accomplished what it was intended to do.

For one thing, it halted the mass exodus.

Moreover, it stabilized the East German economy. Despite its mere 17 million population, the country is Europe's seventh largest industrial power. Its per capita gross national income puts it in the same league as such countries as Great Britain, Italy and Belgium. It is, and has been for many years, the fastest-growing economy in Europe, East or West. During the first six months of this year, East Germany's GNP grew at a rate of 4.3 per cent. It has by far the highest standard of living in the Communist bloc.

ABOVE ALL, notwithstanding the Wall's totalitarian ugliness, it enabled East Germany – the German Democratic Republic, as it is called – to acquire an international identity of its own and to gain diplomatic recognition from the rest of the world.

Ironically, that recognition has led to a greater human interchange between the two Germanys and has rendered the Wall increasingly superfluous.

Last year, for example, more than 2.5 million West Germans made trips to East Germany and some 1.5 million East Germans were able to visit the West.

Of the East Germans who came, the overwhelming majority, of course, were old-age pensioners who are exempted from the more severe travel regulations. In fact, the East Berlin regime would not care if they used their freedom to travel to defect. It would then be absolved from paying their support.

But there has been a sharp increase in the number of younger people allowed to travel westward, with very few defections among them, and in the number of East Germans allowed to emigrate.

During the first five months of 1986, more than 65,000 East Germans below retirement age crossed the border on visits, compared with 26,000 in the same period last year: more than at any time since the Wall was built. Only a few failed to return. In addition, 11,500 East Germans were allowed to emigrate – twice as many as during the same period in 1985.

ONE OF THE ironies of Germany's and Berlin's postwar division is that when the demarcation lines between the occupation zones and sectors were drawn, the historical political centre of Berlin went to the Soviets and, in their wake, the East German Communists who tried hardest to dissociate themselves from the common German and Prussian past.

An even greater irony is that today East Germany's regime, under its president and party chief Erich Honecker, is doing the most to restore and revive that past. Prussia is now "in" and its symbols and heroes have been restored to their pedestals. Nowhere are there more of them than on Unter-den-Linden.

For the past five years, since he was brought back from "exile" behind a clump of bushes in the grounds of Sans Souci Palace in Potsdam, Frederick the Great, high on his horse, has again been the avenue's dominating figure.

But "Old Fritz" is not alone on Unter-den-Linden.

A few steps away, each on his pedestal, are four towering Prussian military heroes: Gerhard von Scharnhorst; August von Gneisenau; Ludwig Yorck von Wartenburg, who formed a common front with the Russians against Napoleon in 1813; and Gebhard von Bluecher, the Prussian field-marshal who played a key role in Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo.

Odd heroes for a country that boasts of being the "first peaceful state ever created on German soil."

As if that were not enough, East Germany has of late discovered Otto von Bismarck as a kind of national patron saint. Along with Frederick the Great and Martin Luther, he was once rejected as a reactionary and imperialist. All three now rank as a kind of East German trinity.

THE STRUCTURE that dominates all others in East Berlin is the TV Tower from whose observation platform, 670 feet above Alexander Platz, one gets a panoramic view of the entire city and of the Wall that bisects it into two worlds.

To really see the difference between them one should come at night when West Berlin lights up like a Christmas tree with multi-coloured advertising signs while East Berlin remains in the dimly-lit shadows.

The platform is a place for pondering.

Who knows, for example, that the electric power for those bright lights of West Berlin is generated primarily in East Germany, or that most of West Berlin's homes and apartments are heated by coal from the East; that every fifth breakfast bun consumed by West Berliners is baked in East Berlin, or that, for a fee of about U.S.$35 million a year West Berlin gets to dump its garbage on East Berlin territory?

Berlin, a quarter century after the Wall was built, is indeed worth a visit. It is where Germany's and Europe's division assumes tangible and three-dimensional forms. □

Mortally wounded East German escapee (top, left); *watchtower near Neuhölln. West Berliners c. 1967* (bottom, left); *East Berlin uprising in 1955* (right).

(TOLTON)

هكذا من الأصل

A little piece of Africa

The Zoological Centre of Tel Aviv-Ramat Gan has just celebrated its fifth anniversary. Text: Aaron Leibel / Photos: Leora Cheshin.

THE ZOOLOGICAL Centre of Tel Aviv-Ramat Gan, that little piece of Africa in Israel, recently celebrated its fifth anniversary. But the story behind the centre – which consists of an African park, zoo and museum education complex – actually goes back 24 years to a small "corner of life" that was located in Ramat Gan's National Park.

In 1963, Zvi Kirmeir, director of the centre, made his first trip to Africa to collect animals for his "corner." Loaded down on the return voyage with a small elephant, a gnu, two giraffes, several impalas, ostriches, deer and other species, his ship had just passed Sharm el-Sheikh when, like an earlier vessel carrying animals and piloted by Noah, it encountered a fierce storm. The animals – and many of the travellers – got seasick.

"I decided that what was good for people was good for animals as well," Kirmeir recalls. "I gave them medicine against seasickness, and together we crossed the stormy sea."

During several subsequent, more tranquil visits, he collected many of the animals which, together with their offspring, live in the centre today.

In the late 1960s the first commercial "safari park" in which, Kirmeir says, "people were put in 'cages on wheels,' that is to say cars, and the animals were set free," was opened in England. The idea caught Kirmeir's fancy and he infected Avraham Krinitzi, then mayor of Ramat Gan, with his enthusiasm. In 1969, a contract was signed to build a safari park there.

After a long period of preparing the infrastructure, including the construction of a seven-mile road, and purchasing more animals (16 lions arrived aboard a special El Al flight from Iran in 1973), the Ramat Gan Safari Park opened in 1974. It was an instant hit. During the first few months, 25 buses were needed every day to bring in the thousands of visitors anxious to see this new breed of zoo.

But Kirmeir's zoological empire was not yet complete. The Tel Aviv zoo, founded in the 1930s, was seeking new, more spacious quarters. After rejecting several proposed sites, the authorities concluded that the best solution would be to unite the zoos of Tel Aviv and Ramat Gan. In July 1981, the Zoological Centre, encompassing them both, under the auspices of the two municipalities, opened its gates to the public.

Today, the 225-acre centre is home to more than 1,000 animals, including 70 species of mammals, 65 species of birds and six species of reptiles. The museum-education complex offers exhibits, movies and classrooms where visitors can learn more about the animals and their relationship to man.

The centre is open throughout the year and is easily accessible from the Tel Aviv area, with four buslines from that city and one from Ramat Gan.

One can tour the centre in special buses available every day or see the African area from your own car. But remember to keep the windows closed in the lion area. After all, you are practically in the heart of the Dark Continent. □

A man of insight

Naomi Doudai talks to sailor-kibbutznik-author John Auerbach.

BOTH WERE Polish-born, both exiled at an early age, both absorbed into the merchant marine of another country. Both, with the sea their spiritual source, became writers in the same adopted language. Could two lifelines come any closer?

In their case they did not. For the one, known to every lover of English literature as the father of modernism in the English novel, was Joseph Conrad, a Christian, son of Polish aristocrats, while the other is John Auerbach, an ordinary Warsaw Jew, grandson of a stonecutter, ultimately an Israeli kibbutznik.

Although well known to the Israeli reader – five volumes of his stories have appeared in Hebrew translation, with the sixth, an anthology, now in the press at Am Oved – Auerbach's work has been published more frequently in English, in periodicals such as *Commentary*, *The New Yorker*, *Midstream*, as well as in *The Boston Globe*.

Auerbach himself is less than enthusiastic about the comparison with Conrad. A modest man, he seems to think the parallel pretentious. Yet in a certain way it is inevitable. For apart from the fact that they both reached high rank as mariners, Conrad as a captain, Auerbach as a first engineer, both project, if in a different degree, the same quality of insight and vision.

Auerbach had to start off as a stoker in the burning bowels of a German tramp, in the mine-infested Baltic sea. Having jumped the walls of the Warsaw Ghetto and passed himself off as a Pole, he was ultimately impressed into service by the Nazis.

In Conrad's lifetime, his stories were regarded by many as sea yarns. It was not until after World War II that an understanding of their true moral and metaphysical profundity burst on a benighted world. Auerbach does not deny his fascination with this aspect of Conrad. His own work incorporates an approach to the human condition that has, if not so subtly existentialist, a similarly contemplative basis. Dominating his writing too is the sense of moral attrition of man against an indifferent universe.

AGAIN, if with Auerbach the technique differs, the sea often serves as a catalyst to a passionately pessimistic perspective. For him, however, the abyss is no metaphysical abstraction, the cruel sea no symbol, but a realistic retrospect on his own life experience. Thus, in "Don Quixote and Other Memories" (*Commentary*, Vol. VII No. 1, 1980), on a trip to Taranto, a casual encounter with a U.S. sailor becomes the improbable occasion to conjure up the picture of his youthful passion for "a sweet girl whose name was Tamara &" later to be slaughtered by black-uniformed Latvians or Ukrainians in Warsaw.

Auschwitz, Greece, Jews, deportation, lurk in the shadows of these stories of a sea-dog with a particular and peculiar syndrome.

Whether he is sailing, sightseeing, boozing, brawling, or brothel-crawling, they are always there, "inside my skull," the horror-infested memories of a recent, never receding past.

"Cruelty in man is a trait I abhor and totally reject," says Auerbach, elaborating on his view of man and of the human condition. Yet little can be done to correct it, unless it be to cultivate "what little goodness does exist at the bottom of the heart of every man."

Kurz's cry, "Exterminate the brutes!" (*Heart of Darkness*) for Auerbach is Conrad's prefiguration of the Baby Does and Colonel Gaddafis still to come, his vision of the tragedy of trampled peoples realized in a contemporary extension of colonialism. It must be in this vision of "the Horror," countered by the code of conduct of "steering straight," that Auerbach finds Conrad his mentor and his master.

THERE ARE other influences, more recent, less remote. Two literary personalities who have played a living part in Auerbach's life are Robert Graves and Saul Bellow. His 20 year friendship with the latter he summarized as "an affinity between two writing Jews of Russian origin." No, he is not willing to elaborate. There are relationships one does not put on record. A living friendship is a very private thing. But as you watch him, even in his rough, kibbutz windbreaker, you note an incongruity – every inch the Eastern European gentleman, the Jewish intellectual, neat, fastidious perfectionist, endowed with an elegance of perception, erudition and expression, you are struck by a certain resemblance.

Close writing friends, you venture to say, like Lawrence Durrell and Henry Miller, "take" freely from each other. Has Bellow not taken something from him to build his Mr. Sammler? The suggestion is dismissed with infinite hauteur. Auerbach again begins to sound remote. One does not discuss one's living friends.

Regarding the dead, it's different. The mention of Robert Graves brings back the pink to his still ruddy ex-sailor's cheeks. This friendship was, too, of long standing. A hundred letters passed between them. Graves visited Auerbach in his kibbutz; he ("that Israeli sailor you invited") visited at Deya, Graves' Majorca home. Graves's affinity for the Jews in general, and Israel in particular, was like Wingate's, based on the fact that he was brought up on the Bible.

"I am a Zionist," Auerbach remembers him saying, "because Israel is my second homeland." And goes on to marvel: "Where could you find two men so different, such fast friends? Graves, vintage Victorian, an austere English gentleman of an Olympian remoteness. Where to find a logical explanation for this fascinating involvement with an ex-ghetto kibbutznik, unless it be an intellectual chemistry?"

MAYBE he has forgotten the deep and lasting scars of wars. Graves survived World War I with a severe war neurosis, something stronger than shell-shock. Auerbach lost a large part of himself to World War II, and to a later, local war, an only son.

Whatever, the relationship was so highly regarded that he found himself invited to write a tribute to the creator of the White Goddess in an issue of the *Malahat Review* (an international, Canadian-based quarterly) devoted exclusively to Robert Graves's 80th birthday.

In his article, Auerbach recounted how Graves, a maverick Christian (he believed, among other things, that Jesus never died on the cross, but survived as a beggar in India), entrusted him with a play about Christ, *All Things to All Men*, which, though unholy in content, he wished to be staged in the "Holy of Holies."

This Auerbach interpreted as Habimah, which, though impressed with the play's excellence, had to reject it elegantly, for fear of repercussions in the Christian cosmos. "An artistically and dramatically flawless play that could not be played," wrote Auerbach regretfully.

IT IS NOT uncommon in Israel to meet men who, like Auerbach, affected bizarre metamorphoses in order to survive the Nazis. There are stories of some who spent the war masquerading as parish priests, or of others, boarded up between two walls, who became intimates and *alter egos* of spiders, rats and roaches. But there has been none except Auerbach who has sloughed off his borrowed skin and stepped straight into that of a creative writer. From the mine-infested Baltic to a seafarer's windswept kibbutz like Sdot Yam may have been a natural transition. But where did the writing come in?

The sailor-kibbutznik-writer trinity, says Auerbach, was one more natural train of events. He does not doubt for a moment that without the sea and kibbutz connection, there could have been no writer, for seafaring was to be his kibbutz mundate.

His first voyage, in the early '60s, was 4,000 miles at sea, Haifa to Rotterdam and back, acquiring collapsible landing-craft and fishing-trawlers. He remembers that, it was the return trip that set off his writing.

The actual putting pen to paper? That came when he was back on land. But would he not have ended up as a writer anyway? Not necessarily. He is not one of those who can sit down and create in the middle of, say, a railway station. "I need my room, my own place, to write... The kibbutz gave me that too."

It also gave him something few writers ever get, half his time free, a flexible schedule, almost perfect freedom to write.

TODAY, retired from the sea, he is still free from kibbutz chores, functioning as curator of a small museum that houses a bewitching collection of Byzantine and Crusader statuary and artefacts excavated within the boundaries of Sdot Yam.

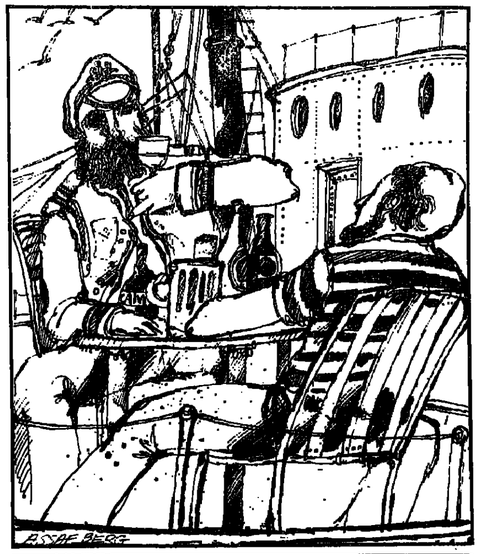
Here, flanked by Roman goddesses, he begins to grow fretful. You begin to feel as if you have been fingering his soul, intruding on the private precinct of the spirit. And anyway, the tourists are starting to trickle in. So just one more question. The biggest bombshell of them all.

Why does a Polish-Jewish-Hebrew-speaking Israeli have to write in English? He bridles, just a bit, but blurts it out. "I think in English." Polish? "I left it behind me at the age of 17." As he did his German, at the bottom of Baltic. Hebrew? "I'm not sure I would have found Hebrew poorer for my purposes, if I'd had time to study it properly from the start."

But he hadn't; English being the lingua franca of the sea, his reading had to be in English, and soon his thinking too.

"That's why I write in it. I had to. It became the sole means of expression, the only language I was left with."

That, then, is how the only sea stories ever written by a Jewish sailor on Hebrew soil, came, like those of Conrad, to be written in English. □



MY CAPTAIN AND I

A story by John Auerbach

HE DRINKS his Scotch straight. I prefer mine on the rocks.

Come to think of it, he drinks only Scotch or Campari, whereas I am almost totally indiscriminate in regard to my booze: vodka, brandy, ouzo, Scotch, arak, rum, anything with an alcoholic content of more than 40 per cent goes. He sniffles suspiciously before he touches the glass with his lips: I toss it off, vodka-like, whatever it is.

He also checks the food first with his nose, lifting the plate quickly to his face. His nostrils quiver. I start eating the moment the dish is in front of me.

We have our meals facing each other, for, though he is undisputed Master under God of this ship, we are equal in rank: had we worn uniforms, each of us would carry four golden stripes on the sleeve.

It occurs to me as I watch him, concentrated as he is on cutting a piece of bread with a knife and dropping the square, precisely measured pieces into his soup, that our combined age is 105. The average for the rest of the crew is much, much lower.

Therefore the two other officers at our table respect our silence, and only occasionally exchange a remark in subdued tones. The Captain always finishes first, murmurs "good appetite" and leaves in a hurry.

I wait only as long as it takes him to go up the companionway and get to his cabin. The moment I hear the click of his door I go up to mine.

(Continued on page 12)

Captain

(Continued from page 11)

IN OUR respective cabins we drink ourselves to death, separately but equally.

I sometimes wonder how his drinking is: mine is a spiral staircase, with landings here and there.

I have many books in my cabin and when I reach certain landings in my drinking, I curse the books, sometimes in a whisper, sometimes in a normal, conversational voice, but never shouting.

The three books in his cabin are the stowage and cargo-handling manual, a nautical almanac, and the collective agreement between the company and the Seamen's Union. I wonder what or whom he curses in the stages of his drinking.

We emerge from our cabins, often simultaneously, meet in the gangways, on the bridge, exchange polite greetings *sotto voce*, and smell the alcohol on each other's breath.

He does his job with the assistance of his executive officer, interfering mainly in matters of order and tidiness. The national and code flags are neatly arranged, the pencils sharpened, maps carefully stacked in the chartroom, ship's documents perfectly ordered in clean, transparent, clearly-marked envelopes.

On each of my five or six daily visits to the engine-room I keep a sharp look-out to make sure the place is tolerably clean, that no rags are wasted, and no oil and fuel are spilled. Also, the bilges must be kept dry at all times. My calculations and papers are in good order, but far less precisely kept and calligraphically written than his.

I assume we both do our jobs adequately.

We both walk straight and do not behave like drunks outside our cabins. How we behave in them is our own business. When inside, we keep our cabins locked. Equal but separate.

WE HAVE BEEN sailing together on this ship for more than six months and I don't think more than 600 words have passed between us. Professional talk is restricted to the general outlines of the problem, then we transfer the matter: he to his chief mate, I to my second engineer. He gives his instructions to the chief mate in a low voice, so low that the poor man is compelled to say: Excuse me, sir, what was that?

He then repeats the sentence very distinctly, but in a still lower register, and a light of malicious delight glows in his eye.

I give my orders in detail, very often in too much detail, to ensure their exact execution. My second, exasperated, often exclaims: But Chief, I know how to do it! I've done it a hundred times! O.K. then, I say. Just don't forget...

The captain is enthusiastic about conveying bad news, even if it's not true.

We'll have a nice little storm tonight, he says, looking at me with his innocent, bleary, but so gentle eyes.

I walk over to bulkhead look at the glass, and say: The barometer hasn't moved.

I look outside, smell the air, check the sea, and say: There won't be any storm, Captain.

He looks at me with just a hint of irony in his eyes and does not say a word. It's tough competition: half of our lifetime is sea-time, and this, too, splits approximately 50-50 between us.

In the mirror I discover with loathing that the bags under my eyes are as heavy as his.

IN THE evening the weather is lovely, the kind of sunset you can still occasionally see on Italian postcards, orange and clear, and I look at him triumphantly from the height of a landing on my spiral staircase. At this height, the air has a slightly pink colour. I know it might change to red if I had three or four more, and I could then place both my hands on his heavy neck and press until his innocent eyes popped out of their sockets.

But I cannot reach him. He is on a separate plateau and moves in circles, or makes figures of eight like on a skating-rink. He is too evasive. If he had two or three more, he'd stare at me, and burst inside. At the most.

He says: We'll arrive there – let me see: against this current we won't make more than nine knots – let's say, at eight o'clock, and we'll drop anchor. No chance they'd put us inside – not in this port.

I say: Last time the pilot was waiting for us, and we berthed immediately.

An exceptional case, he says.

But when we arrive in port, at six and not at eight (for there wasn't a current) and the ship is moored, he says to me:

Shall we go ashore to stretch our legs, and dine together?

And I, leaning heavily against the handrail of my staircase, say quietly: Any time, Captain. My pleasure.

WE WALK close to each other along the waterfront, the street alive with multi-coloured neons from cafes, bars and nightclubs. It must have rained earlier, for the sidewalk and the road are wet, the lights reflect brilliantly on the smooth surface, and the strong smell of brine is tempered by the sweet fragrance of trees in rain.

The street is crowded, but there is no rush. Some whores stand along the walls, others walk boldly on the street.

When we encounter a whore, he raises his eyebrows a bit and turns his head. His nostrils quiver slightly. I stare shamelessly at her breasts, at her crotch.

He is above it, I am sure – no matter whether he is skating full speed, tilted at an angle, the skates cutting a quick parabola on dry, cracking ice, or stone sober, with that dull hangover ache behind his ears.

I am always beyond it, whether in the upper regions of my staircase, with multi-coloured (but usually purplish) clouds floating past my head, with gentle purple rain pattering on my closed eyelids or down beyond the lowest rungs of conceivable misery.

WE ARE going to eat now, at one of the waterfront's sidewalk restaurants.

He will order meat – clean, please, he whispers towards the dark, smelly, pomade-glistening head of the waiter – with baked potatoes.

I will have octopus, crabs, shrimps, mussels in heavy, dark-red sauce, sharp with onion, tomato and garlic, pepper and salt.

He will have beer, transparent and clear. I will drink white wine, crackling dry. I like to think that it was pressed out from pale green grapes in the heat and sweat of a late summer afternoon by sunburnt, muscular girls' feet on a mountain slope.

We sit under the awning, waiting for the waiter to come with our food, silently watching the waterfront crowd crawl by, trampling the wet red, blue and orange lights on the dark asphalt, and perceiving, each in his own way, the nothingness of the sea very close, just behind the low sea-wall. □

Power and plenty

OUT OF THE SHELTER by David Lodge. London, Penguin Books. 282 pp. £2.60

THE FISHER KING by Anthony Powell. London, Heinemann. 256 pp. £9.95

Dvorah Getzler

DAVID LODGE'S nostalgic recreation of childhood and youth and the innocence of the lower middle classes in the 1940s is light years away in style and content from Anthony Powell's wickedly sophisticated portrayal of a 1980s ship of fools, yet both are almost archetypically British.

Out of the Shelter, first published in 1970 and now reissued, belongs together with Lodge's *Ginger You're Barmy* as a novel of social criticism, and has nothing in common with his hilarious send-ups of academic life (*Changing Places* and *A Small World*).

It begins with a meticulously accurate account of his hero Timothy's childhood during the blitz – Mickey Mouse gas masks, Anderson shelters, rationing, the awakening after a raid to find whole streets demolished and close friends killed, and – the coming of the Yanks.

The grimness of post-war Britain is sketched mostly through Timothy's brief encounters with his glamorous sister Kath, a civilian employee of the American Army, whose life of strange, incongruous plenty is feared and sternly disapproved of by their unbending Catholic parents.

Poised hesitantly between leaving school at 16 for an apprenticeship in a drawing office – an option much touted by Mum and Dad, as setting him up for life – and trying something more exotic called university entrance, Timothy is invited by Kath for a holiday in Germany where she is working with the U.S. Army of Occupation.

In Heidelberg in 1951, the boy is out of the shelter of home, let off the annual two weeks of stifling boredom in a Worthing boarding house. Instead, he smuggles himself nightly into the women's hostel where Kath has housed him, his ears growing hot and his sleep disturbed by the sounds of sex. He is plunged into an incomprehensible world of consumerism, luxury-filled PX stores, unheard of meals known as brunches and barbecues, and, hovering over all, the awful contrast between the conquerors' brash confidence and the sullen, or resigned, subservience of the defeated Germany.

Kath – smartly transformed into Kate – takes all this for granted, and takes missing Mass quite lightly, too. It is all very attractive, but Timothy has doubts. Don Kowalski, odd man out among Kath's new friends, makes himself the boy's moral mentor and helps him confront some of the issues of the war and its aftermath.

There is also the disturbing Gloria-Rose, whose nubile Jewish charms throw Timothy into a turmoil of conflict.

This is a touching, funny, perceptive and beautifully written novel (partly autobiographical, Lodge tells us), and the story of a still unfinished clash of cultures. Highly worthwhile.

POWELL'S FROTHY entertainment deals with vastly different people and circumstances and has a far less immediate sense of time.

Aboard, and bored by, a cultural cruise to the Orkneys, best-selling novelist Valentine Beals, ever on the look out for good copy, casts fellow passenger Saul Henchman, a horribly crippled and highly fashionable photographer, in the role of the Fisher King, an obscure character in the Arthurian legend cycle.

The Fisher King was wounded in battle and lost his virility – true of Henchman, too. The Fisher King was nevertheless seen as a symbol of sexuality, and so is Henchman – how else can one account for his hold over the stunningly beautiful Barberina Rockwood, who has abandoned her career as a ballerina to serve the master?

Throughout the cruise, Beals, his wife, and their friends the Middlecotes – he an up-market advertising man – follow Henchman's story as Barberina is pursued first by her old flame Gary Lamont, a Fleet Street pundit, and then by Robin Jilson, a sickly young man to whom she takes an inexplicable fancy. But Jilson, in this shipboard whirligig, is in turn being pursued by the formidable Dr. Lorna Tiptoft, unmarried daughter of the odious Sir Dixon Tiptoft (a devastating portrait of a retired civil servant, this). Also aboard are the earnest and humourless bore Prof. Willard S. Kopf and his wife Elaine (another name out of the Arthur legends); the drunken, ex-salesman and barfly, Mr. Jack; and two young Americans, always deep in abstruse discussions of music and dressed in T-shirts identifying them as Mostly Mahler and Basically Bach.

Powel has mixed a heady brew and it's all very urbane on the surface, with much clever dialogue, civilized cattiness and a constant scoring of literary points. But, as readers of the great *Dance to the Music of Time* sequence well know, Powell sees life refracted through his own, private prism, and beneath the surface glitter this is a novel about power – sexual power, and the power of ambition and personality, versus love, desire and sacrifice. A book for Powell devotees, but not the best introduction to his special genre. □

The little ruler

KING MATT THE FIRST by Janusz Korczak, with an introduction by Bruno Bettelheim. New York, Farrar, Straus and Giroux. 332 pp. $15.95.

Philip Veerman

THE KING was gravely ill, and his ministers discussed what to do when he died.

"I know," replied the minister of justice. "According to the law, after the death of the king his eldest son inherits the throne. That's why he is called the successor to the throne. If the king dies, his eldest son takes the throne."

"But the king has only one son."

"That's all he needs."

"All right, but the king's son is little Matt. What kind of king would he be?" (...)

"But gentlemen," said the minister of education, "how is it possible to have a king who does not know how to write or count, who does not know geography or grammar?"

"I don't know what will happen," said the minister of justice, red with anger, "but I know one thing – the law says that after the death of a king his son inherits the throne."

"But Matt is too little," shouted all the ministers."

HOW LITTLE Matt mounted the throne, and tried to reform the world, is well known in Israel. Some 80,000 playgoers (75 per cent of them children) have seen Habimah's *Hamelech Mattia HaRishon*, with the 12-year-old Doron Schaeffer in the role of Mattia.

The life and work of the author, the Polish-Jewish physician and educator Henryk Goldszmit (1878-1942), who published under the pen-name Janusz Korczak, does not need an introduction here in Israel. Korczak's works have been translated into many languages, but in the United States and England he has remained practically unknown. Yet his *Ghetto Diary* (published in New York in 1978) was an important event. Now Farrar, Straus and Giroux have published *King Matt the First* (the original Polish edition came out in 1923), and there seems a good chance that Korczak's books will get better known in the United States.

This translation deserves a lot of attention, for Korczak, after all, achieved a classic. Bruno Bettelheim, who provides the introduction, considers it a *Bildungsroman* – that is, it provides a chronicle of the emotional, moral and personal development of such a hero as Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister* or Rolland's *Jean Christophe*.

THE THEME of the book is more rights for children. Bettelheim observes that Korczak, who was a pediatrician, was convinced that children must have the right to govern themselves, and devoted himself to their liberation. However, although Korczak was a convinced defender of children's rights, I think Bettelheim is incorrect in saying that liberation was one of his aims. Modern American educators sometimes write about the "liberation" of children (John Holt, for instance, the author of *Escape from Childhood*). These children's lib people often write about children as if they were already adults. Korczak wanted to give children more rights, but he didn't want to make them into adults. A children's parliament easily turns into chaos, he warns, in *King Matt the First*. It follows that Bettelheim's use of the word "liberation" in this context might mislead the reader about Korczak's real intentions.

THIS NEW translation demonstrates the steady interest in the works of Korczak. Yet certain episodes do seem dated, for instance the section about the Negro girl Klu Klu and the cannibals in Africa. Bettelheim is right to explain that Korczak was not writing for Americans but for Poles. At the time he wrote his book, they had very little first-hand contact with black people.

As distinct from the editions in Danish, German and Dutch, this new *King Matt* does not have illustrations (except for the picture of Korczak himself at the age of 10 – "When I was the little boy you see in the photograph, I wanted to do all the things that are in this book. But I forgot to, and now I am old."). □

Crap table court

THE OXFORD BOOK OF LEGAL ANECDOTES by Michael Gilbert. Oxford University Press. 333 pp. £12.50.

Ralph Amelan

AGGRIEVED LITIGANTS and convicted criminals would be the first to maintain that the law is no laughing matter. For them, understandably, jokes in court are usually at their expense. But even the unbiased may wonder whether the sort of story calculated to make attorneys chuckle over their port after a good dinner can raise more than a bemused frown from the layman blessed with the healthy instinct of keeping as far from lawyers as is decently possible.

At least it is not true that the legal anecdote is pompous as the following example shows, lawyers appreciate the extent of the gap between their pretensions to justice and the reality.

"One of these Irishmen who had tuned his harp to the romantic air of his own County Court was a shock to a judge of pedestrian imagination. Darling at last turned to him sternly and said, 'Tell me, in your country, what happens to a witness who does not tell the truth?' 'Begor, me Lord,' replied the Irishman, with a candour that disarmed all criticism, 'I think his side usually wins.' "

Still, a number of stories in this collection must baffle the reader rather than entertain him. This is mainly because they are in-jokes, and depend on a knowledge of the characters involved in the tale, as well as the historical period in some cases, for their appreciation. A few tales are very tenuously connected to the law: there is one passage, dealing with the last hours of a condemned man, which more properly belongs to *The Oxford Book of Death* (yes, it does exist).

Some of the entries in this book have been anthologized several times before, and it is possible that the editor included them on the basis that their great antiquity demanded that they receive the imprimatur of being included in the Oxford Book of something-or-other. Had they been remotely funny to start with, it would have helped.

Once the weaker points of this collection are disposed of, its strengths become clearer. Gilbert has not been afraid to let that poor maligned figure, the lay client, have his say. Whether the poor man emerges any better for it, see for yourselves in this excerpt from a letter written by an injured Nigerian sailor.

"But, Sir, when you said to my legal adviser:

1st that I was drunken

2nd that cause of drunkenness was stealing gin from lighter

Well, Sir, Those two speeches, 1st and 2nd, proved that you are a son of the father of lies i.e. Devil because said gin had been freely drunk at 8.00 am. prompt. I fell headlong into lighter at 11.00 am. prompt. At 11.00 am. gin had passed through body, so cause of top-heaviness had finished."

Since the wretched matelot listed among his injuries "one nose useless (very grave)" and "one private member (slightly bent)" his claim for £50 damages seemed quite reasonable.

One importunate gentleman was more modest in his request from a Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court, as well as a touch more logical:

"Dear Judge Cardozo, I read in the newspapers that you are a liberal judge. Will you send me ten dollars, as I'm really very hard up."

Judges often emerge the worse from confrontations with counsel. Take this exchange between a Q.C. and a bench determined to uphold standards of court attire:

Judge: "I cannot see you, Mr. Fearnley-Whittingstall?"

Q.C. "My Lord, I am before you wigged and gowned."

Judge: "I still cannot see you, Mr. Fearnley-Whittingstall."

Q.C.: "My Lord, is it my yellow waistcoat that you cannot see?"

Judge: "Yes, it is."

Q.C.: "Well, my Lord, you can see me."

Judge: "Oh, very well, let's get on with the case."

Or as the song has it, tie a yellow waistcoat round the old Q.C....

THERE ARE no lack of examples of judicial eccentricity in these pages. One judge was unscrupulous in disposing of his list in the morning if there was horse-racing at Newmarket in the afternoon. Another, plagued by caterwauling felines, literally read them the Riot Act. To no avail: he had to disperse the persistent pussies with a pistol shot.

The legal dignity is constantly being punctured. One man, pulled up for a traffic offence by a zealous police officer, admitted that he was the Commonwealth Attorney-General. But any hopes he may have entertained of preferential treatment were speedily dashed. "Well," replied the cop, "you won't be able to plead ignorance of the law, now will you."

Courtrooms can be places of grandeur, although one judge allowed his court to be stunk out with rotting sheep carcases in order to illustrate what conditions in his lodgings were like. In England, magistrates often perform their duties in local council chambers, and many luckless defendants learn their fate amid surroundings of parochial pomp and pride. Some courts, especially those attached to police stations, were depressing affairs, often the size of broom-cupboards, and with peeling institutional paint on the walls.

In the States they are much more flexible and imaginative. William Jerome, a crusading New York City District Attorney, brought his own special brand of instant justice to Lower East Side gambling dens:

"He would 'rush' the gambling joint hoping to smash through its 'icebox' doors before the inmates could take alarm and hide the evidence. Once inside the citadel with captured gamblers, shattered gambling equipment and exploding flash bulbs all around him, Jerome would haul out his Bible, post himself behind a crap table and declare the court in session. Witnesses were sworn in, testimony taken and culprits arraigned on the spot."

ANOTHER VIRTUE of this collection is the editor's willingness to include lengthy passages that convey the flavour of a time and place rather than provide the setting for a punchline. There is the delightful account of how a barrister who had made an anti-Semitic remark found himself discomfited in front of the Lord Chief Justice Lord Reading – the former Sir Rufus Isaacs. And the renowned advocate Sir Patrick Hastings recounts a chilling experience which occurred when representing a German before a French military court in post-World War I Germany.

The barrister as hero features prominently throughout. Rumpole has no lack of respectable, or rather disreputable, predecessors. All the old tricks to distract the jury's attention when the opposition is about to score a telling point are used without shame or scruple. Any device short of bribery calculated to deceive the tribunal is a welcome addition to the barrister's arsenal.

Just occasionally, however, the cunning plan goes wrong. The counsel for the defence who found that the novelist Anthony Trollope was a prosecution witness made a fiery speech to the jury defying them to believe the word of a man who had admitted to writing books without a word of truth in them. The jury took up the challenge and convicted his client.

In general, this book should bring considerable pleasure even to those jaundiced few who believe lawyers are a plague on society and not worth their very modest fees. One regret is that Serjeant Sullivan's hilarious tales of life at the Irish Bar are not better represented than they are here. And although I can understand the editor's desire not to clog the book with footnotes, a few discreet words of explanation would have saved several stories from the danger of incomprehension.

Unless Oxford are planning to bring out a Part 2, or unless Cambridge have a rival volume in the wings, this will have to do for now. The carefully listed sources help the interested reader pursue any area he may wish to follow up.

TO CONCLUDE with a story that has a happy ending. An American attorney was approached by a well-dressed old Chinaman who asked him how much it would cost him to be defended for murder. The lawyer named his price, and the client immediately paid the sum in gold, got up, bowed and started to leave.

"Where are you going?" asked the surprised advocate. "I go kill the man now," said the Chinaman. "Then I be back."

The happy ending? The lawyer got paid in full, and in advance too. □

New world

THE DANCE WORKSHOP by Robert Cohan. London, Unwin Paperbacks. 192 pp. £6.95

Dora Sowden

HERE IS a book that should be in the hands of every student of dance, and everyone interested in dance. It should be translated into Hebrew immediately, for it can serve as a textbook in training. Even if you skip the exercises, the general observation that precedes each set of routines, and the advisory and cautionary remarks, cast much light.

The page on the elements of dance, the prefaces to posture, balance, gravity, gesture, breathing, rhythm are all so sensible and clear that even those ignorant of dance

will acquire new insight. The introductory 10-page essay is a lesson on what it is all about, and enlightening even for those well-schooled in dance, for it contains the well-considered thoughts of an authority.

Cohan's observations are entertaining as well as wise. "All animals have dances," he says. "...humans have dances of the same kind." In an exercise about stretching, and knee problems, he advises, "If they refuse to cooperate try talking to them as you would to a nervous animal. It sometimes helps."

He calls attention to the differences between stage dance and dance in class. He warns that the body may turn out to be unsuitable for professional dance, and that poor training cannot always be corrected. He comforts with the statement (as in his own case) that in modern dance it is not always necessary to start early.

COHAN IS a director of the London Contemporary Dance School, and of the London Contemporary Dance Theatre, of which he was for many years sole artistic director. His theatre helped to propel Britain into the modern field of dance. He had been an athlete and took up dancing seriously only at the age of 21, when he was recruited by Martha Graham. He co-directed her company for several years, and danced also on Broadway.

Apart from creating outstanding works for his company, he has choreographed for the Bat-Dor and Batsheva companies, and is also artistic adviser to the Batsheva company. He visits Israel often.

Cohan is 61 now, and took time off to write this book, which is surely the fruit of his years of varied experience as a dancer, teacher, and choreographer.

However, it is not this varied experience alone that makes *The Dance Workshop* a valuable book. He insists that learning to dance, whether or not you make a career of it, improves the quality of life. "There is a whole new world inside your body," he says.

The Dance Workshop is beautifully and copiously illustrated, but Cohan does not intend it as a substitute for a teacher. He considers it rather a help to both student and teacher. It certainly can be that. □

Miniature warfare

THE KINGS OF CHESS by William Hartston. London, Pavilion. 192 pp. £12.95.

MANOEUVRES IN MOSCOW: Karpov-Kasparov II by Raymond Keene and David Goodman. London, Batsford. 124 pp. £5.95.

Benny Morris

HARTSTON'S *Kings* is a very fine biographical "history" of chess for the general reader. He takes us from Danican-Philidor (1726-95) through Morphy, Capablanca and Fischer to Karpov and Kasparov.

Hartston, a good English player, has an eye for colour and anecdote, and runs through the lives of the prodigies and paranoiacs who populated the tournaments through the ages. One person described Deschapelles, a French master, in the following terms: "M. Deschapelles is the greatest chess player in France; M. Deschapelles is the greatest whist player in France; M. Deschapelles is the greatest billiards player in France; M. Deschapelles is the greatest pumpkin-grower in France; and M. Deschapelles is the greatest liar in France."

Paul Morphy, the grandson of the Spanish consul in New Orleans, rampaged through the chess world for two years (1957-59), then sank into lawyerhood and, eventually, paranoia. During these two years he beat everybody, including (twice) eight first-rank players in unseen simultaneous games.

But no one was greater than Fischer, or, apparently, quite as mad. He played what Hartston says was the best chess ever, but for years refused to play because of lighting, crowd noises and insufficient purses. Then, after winning the world championship (shocking Russia), he retired into (it is rumoured) cults and mysticism.

Hartston brings it all alive. Each of his portraits is accompanied by one of the subject's best games, with analysis. The photos and engravings are first-rate. This is a very good, attractive read.

Manoeuvres is a full, blow-by-blow description and analysis of the Karpov-Kasparov rematch, in which Kasparov took the world title. The 24-game super-K match was rated one of the best ever played. □

هكذا من الأصل

Before the dawn

ZION BEFORE ZIONISM 1838-1880 by Arnold Blumberg. Syracuse, N.Y.: Syracuse University Press. 235 pp. No price stated.

THE ARAB-ISRAELI DILEMMA by Fred Khoury. Syracuse, N.Y.: Syracuse University Press. 605 pp. No price stated.

THE CLAIM OF DISPOSSESSION: Jewish Land-Settlement and the Arabs 1878-1948, by Arieh L. Avneri. Efal, New York: Yad Tabenkin, Hakibbutz Hameuchad, Herzl Press. 303 pp. No price stated.

Peter David Hornik

FROM 1832 to 1840-41 Palestine on both sides of the Jordan, as well as Lebanon and parts of Syria, were ruled by the Egyptian viceroy Mehmet Ali. France supported his aspirations to advance northward and possibly undo the Ottoman Empire; Britain opposed them. It was in 1838-39, amid these political tensions, that European consuls – foreign infidels – were first allowed to take up residence in Jerusalem.

This development would turn Palestine from a neglected backwater to a focus of European interest. *Zion before Zionism* traces this process up to the dawn of Zionism in 1881; in doing so it is sometimes interesting, sometimes quite dull.

It is interesting when it evokes the harshness and backwardness of the Palestinian countryside in these years, or portrays the Moslem, Christian, and Jewish communities and their often tense relations. Much of what went on then sounds surprisingly familiar: spats over rights of access to the Temple Mount; Western Christian missionaries stalking the rich hunting grounds; cynical manipulations by the Russian authorities of Jews who, while allowed to emigrate to Palestine, were kept in limbo regarding national status.

Too much of the book, however, deals in tedious detail with the political interaction between various European consuls. The result is that, for the general reader, this book is more suitable for browsing than for a cover-to-cover read.

Omer Calendar. Silver, coral and parchment. France, mid-19th century. One of 16 beautiful colour plates of Jewish ritual art in the collection of the Hebrew Union College Skirball Museum from "The Jewish Calendar 1987," published by Hugh Lauter Levin Associates together with Steimatzky, NIS 15.90. The calendar covers the 16 months beginning September 1986 and includes the weekly Tora portions, candle-lighting times and four additional wallet-size calendars. A.B.

ARIEH L. AVNERI'S *The Claim of Dispossession*, now available in English translation, takes us to the Zionist era and into the thick of controversy. Polemical works such as this should not scant the simple fact that if there had been no Zionism, Western Palestine would now be an Arab state or, more likely, part of one. That is, the Arabs stood to lose something no matter how you cut it. Still, it is important to ask just how grievous was their loss, and whether it can possibly justify a 40-year war with a strong genocidal accent.

Avneri, a member of Kibbutz Hagoshrim in Upper Galilee and former editorial-board member of *Lamerhav* and *Davar*, argues convincingly that, without Zionism, the Arab community in Western Palestine would at any rate have been smaller and poorer. Avneri deals mostly with the method and morality of Zionist land acquisition and settlement.

He develops three main points: the Zionists settled largely on desolate land that had been neglected for centuries; they not only bought it legally, and frequently at exorbitant prices from Arab landlords (many of whom publicly took a sharp anti-Zionist posture) but, when there were any, usually compensated the tenant farmers even though they were not obliged to; and their efforts dramatically raised the standard of living of the surrounding Arab communities. The Palestine Arabs, of course, had every right to value national independence over economics; but did Zionism deprive them of all hope of national independence?

Hardly. Under the terms of the 1947 UN Partition Resolution, it is difficult to see why Palestinian Arab nationalism could not have sufficiently expressed itself in the over 80 per cent of Mandatory Palestine it had been granted. Avneri's analysis of these moral questions is perhaps too sober, painstaking, and fair-minded to have much impact on the international scene; but it is an effective answer nonetheless to that Biggest Lie about Zionism – that it "dispossessed" the Palestinian Arabs, and was absolutelyu incompatible with their nationalism.

IN FRED Khoury's *The Arab-Israeli Dilemma*, Israel figures as the heavy and the bully. He remarks about the 1948 War – "cynicism, supreme devotion to self-interest, and propensity to use armed power made Israelis impatient with and... even contemptuous of the UN..." As for the Sinai Campaign – "In order to justify her allegedly 'preventive' war, Israel made it appear that she faced a 'direct and immediate danger'..." In '67, "it was clear that Israel... again used alleged provocations as an excuse to initiate the all-out military attack..."

Turning, in this third edition, to the present, Khoury asserts of Prime Minister Peres that "while claiming he was prepared to meet with Hussein, he was not truly ready to offer the major territorial and other concessions which alone could provide the basis for any acceptable and meaningful negotiations." More than ever before, Khoury quotes profusely from the Israeli hard left and even the not-so-hard left – in support of his view of Israel as the stubborn and surly obstacle to peace. □

In synch

A BEAUTIFULLY produced capsule history of the Jewish people up to the year 19[illegible] is contained in two volumes of the Hebrew Encyclopedia Hedvat Hadaat (*Joy of Knowledge Encyclopedia*) issued by Massada (vol. I, pp. 1-127, vol. II, pp. [illegible], price not stated). Produced by a team headed by Dr. Shlomo Shava and Ilana Shamir, the work contains articles by more than two dozen distinguished scholars, including Professors Shmuel Ettinger, Yehuda Nini and Simon Herman, and Dr. Yeshayahu Gafni.

The work is a fine blending of succinct texts, colour reproductions of archeological material, paintings, drawings and photographs, and specially prepared maps, diagrams and charts also in colour. A particularly valuable feature is the "Synchronized table of Jewish and general history." Here we can learn in a glance or two that the Trojan War took place when our ancestors in Eretz Yisrael were being led by the Judges; the poet-philosopher-*halachist* Rabbi Yehuda Halevi was active in Spain at about the time the Chins were overrunning northern China, Baldwin I was struggling to consolidate the Crusader Kingdom of Jerusalem, and a Jewish community was thriving in England (just before the Norwich blood libel); and about the time the Ottoman Turks conquered Constantinople in 1453 and renamed it Istanbul, the Jews of Breslau were burned and the survivors expelled, the Jews of Poland were deprived of their rights, and the Jews of the Ottoman empire were granted trade and handicraft privileges.

The work has an excellent index, and would have been enhanced by a selected bibliography.

Other volumes in the *Encyclopedia* cover science, nature, general history, human society, mechanics, the planet earth, and the universe. □

MOSHE KOHN

The mighty voice

THE ART OF BIBLICAL POETRY by Robert Alter. New York, Basic Books. 228 pp. $17.95

Haim Chertok

THE TACT IN EXPLICATION, and analytic authority, so evident in Robert Alter's *The Art of Biblical Narrative*, provided a model how best to sight the Bible from a literary vantage. His readers have naturally awaited the sequel with eagerness. *The Art of Biblical Poetry* illumines The Book of Job, The Song of Songs, Psalms, Proverbs, and the poetic sections of the narrative material. It is stimulating (if a trifle insistent) in suggesting a correlation between the dynamics of the verse and of the religious impulse that underlies it. Still, for a number of reasons, it must be admitted that this book isn't as constantly interesting as its predecessor.

Alter begins with a brief historical survey of the critical field of biblical poetics, and an explanation of how balanced semantic parallelism is the underlying principle of biblical verse. From the first half of the verse line to the second, he discerns as a dominant pattern not mere repetition but a focusing, a heightening, or a specification, all refinements on what the critic James Kugel in an earlier study broadly described as "going one better." Indeed, although Alter's chosen examples are highly instructive, he handsomely acknowledges that Kugel broke much of this particular ground in his *The Idea of Biblical Poetry* (*Post* Review - Jan. 1, 1982).

Alter never fails to interest. After effectively analysing Psalms 1, 8, 30, 72, 90, he suggests that biblical poetics tend to advance along a plane of mounting intensities, rather than constituting an ingenuous "poetry of the heart." The typical psalm, therefore, is a "finely tensile semantic weave" that aims for its reader-hearer both to experience the crisis and to realize dramatic reversal at the end.

In a discussion of the Prophets, Alter reiterates his theme that it is the pressure of the poetic medium that transforms the historical into the apocalyptic, or cosmic. (His most effective extended examples are Isaiah 5:26-30, 24:17-20 and Jeremiah 4:23-24.) Alter maintains even that the very matrix of the apocalyptic imagination and the messianic vision of redemption may in fact be the distinctive structure of ancient Hebrew verse – a rather heady claim for "poetry."

HIS TREATMENT of the Book of Job seems to me more firmly based; it is, moreover, the section of the book that most recalls his work on biblical narrative. He demonstrates how, while Job plummets to the depths of despair and yearns for death, his consoling friends mouth what amounts to a parody of Psalms and Proverbs. God's response (Job 38-39), however, is not merely a statement of a vaster scope or dimension: Alter brilliantly demonstrates that it picks up, and trumps, the key images from Job's death-wish speech (Job 3). "Whereas Job's intensities are centripetal, God's pulsate throughout all of created world."

Alter then concludes with a bravura resolution of the mysteriously extensive roles of the crocodile and hippopotamus in Job 40-41: their alien power are seen as emblems of the unimaginable and the uncanny, of God's ways themselves "... the final vision of the crocodile already whipping away from our field of vision, leaving behind only a shining wake for us to see."

Alter is almost as acute about the Song of Songs. Here, his main tactic is to clarify how the metaphor of the beloved's body as garden landscape itself metamorphosizes into an actual garden where the love is consummated. "There is a harmonious correspondence between poem and world... In the fluctuating movement from literal to figurative and back again, both sides of the dialectic are enhanced: the inventions of the poetic medium become potently suffused with the gratifying associations of the erotic, and the erotic longing and fulfilment are graced with the elegant aesthetic form of refined poetic art."

AS SHOULD now be clear, throughout his book Alter takes pains to emphasize the shaping power of poetry. Indeed, in a fashion his entire venture could have been subtitled "Contral Kugel." What separates these two fine exegetes? Kugel discerns a continuum of formal principles of varying intensities in all portions of the Bible, and concludes that the "distinction between 'poetry' and 'prose' is not native to the texts." With uncharacteristic tendentiousness, Alter argues the contrary: "Once one recognizes that there is a formal system of biblical versification distinct from the prose, the nuances of relation between parallel formulations come into sharper focus and, equally important, it is easier to see the interplay between lines as well as the possibilities of relation between the internal structure of the line and the structure of the poem." In truth, the crux seems to recall William James's famous conundrum. Does the man circle the circling squirrel when he circles the squirrel's tree?

However, Alter insists that there are important consequences to perceiving a distinction between reading of a text as poetry *per se* or as a flowing continuum intermediate between poetry and non-poetry. A conscious choice of poetry, he seems to argue, tends to encourage a particular orientation towards reality. Since biblical poetry is characterized by intensification within the line itself, he concludes that poetry of the Bible is a motive force propelled toward culmination – a dynamic similar, for example, to the account of Creation in Genesis.

It seems to me a moot point whether the orientation towards reality in the Book of Genesis is effected (or even affected) by a particular poetics, or whether it is the other way around. It is disturbing, though, that Alter, in pursuing his argument deploys "poetry" in a literary situation when the broader "poetics" would be adequate for the literary occasion, if not for his purposes.

His argument has not persuaded me. Critical analysis of the "interplay" between segments, and the relationships between textual internal structures, today occupies itself just as much with narrative prose as with poetry. Moreover, the effect of Kugel's brilliant hunch or stroke was to subsume the entire vexatious question by shifting the very grounds of discussion: Alter's insistence upon intentional generic distinctions within the Bible resuscitates it. The entire question of intentionality, in dealing with the Bible, seems to me a sterile one.

Nonetheless, this is a sensitive book, and at times a brilliant one. □

هكذا من الأصل

Nowhere

WITH PREJUDICE
Alex Berlyne

A CURIOUS feature of the London mini-summit last week was the unprecedented fit of morality by a Canadian prime minister. When Brian Mulroney joined Australia's Robert Hawke in supporting hard-hitting sanctions against Pretoria, Zambia's Kenneth Kaunda – the most vociferous critic of apartheid – was finally convinced that the Commonwealth was still in working order.

Mulroney's predecessor, John Turner, enjoyed a surprisingly brief term of office that is only memorable for the trouble he got into patting women's bottoms. "I'm a tactile politician," he explained, "that's my style." Unrepentant reporters promptly dubbed his plane the Derri-ère and women's groups responded by distributing special cardboard shields, that could be worn whenever Turner was around, called Bum-wraps.

Pierre Elliott Trudeau, a fascinating figure who, alone among 20th century politicians, managed to prevent the unavoidable happening (when he persuaded the Quebecois to vote against secession in 1980), was troubled by an erring wife who Told All in a particularly silly autobiography. Understandably, I think, on one famous occasion, the prime minister was accused of mouthing obscenities in Parliament. Trudeau stoutly maintained that he'd actually said "fuddle-duddle!" – a catch-phrase his fellow-countrymen promptly adopted for all occasions.

The oddest incumbent of all was undoubtedly Mackenzie King, a man who steered his country's destiny for 21 years, for much of which time he was as crazy as a coot. After his death, it was revealed that among his other eccentricities he regularly consulted his dead mother for advice on policy-making. This was unfailingly revealed to him in the patterns made by the lather in his shaving mug:

William Lyon Mackenzie King,
Sat in the middle and played with string;
And he loved his mother like anything –
William Lyon Mackenzie King.

Yet, in his way, Brian Mulroney is the oddest of them all, breaking with Canada's usual stance on such questions. A senior prime-ministerial aide spelled these out in *Maclean's* magazine in 1983. The government, he said, is not going to "increase unemployment in Sudbury to free a nun in the Philippines." Canada, unlike the U.S., has no interest in policing the globe and no colonial past. All she exports is know how, not ideology.

"Quite a long time ago," he said, "we decided that if we started applying the individual criteria of Canadian good behaviour to all our trading partners, we're not going to be trading with anyone."

IN MADAME Tussaud's waxworks, democracy is the order of the day. Royalty rub shoulders with murderers and movie stars; Mrs. Thatcher gazes glassy-eyed at Bob Geldof. In St. Paul's, however, this sort of thing is the exception, as a curiously-worded inscription on a plaque near Wellington's tomb makes abundantly clear: "Roy Thomson, First Baron Thomson of Fleet," it begins. "An amazing man. He came from nowhere and accomplished great things."

Nowhere is, of course, a condescending reference to the press Lord being the son of a barber, but it also acknowledges that Thomson was born in Timmins, Ontario; in other words, in a town nobody had ever heard of in a country nobody knows anything about – apart from a few bars of *Rose Marie* or a stanza of *The Shooting of Dan McGrew*.

Paradoxically, people know more about the USSR than they do about Canada, one of the few open societies in a naughty world and one, moreover, that boasts a completely free press.

The USSR, on the other hand, is notoriously solicitous for its dependents – in the language of *The Post's* headline writers, for "keeping mum" – and even remained silent about the Chernobyl disaster until Geiger counters in Western Europe began clicking away merrily.

CANADA'S vast emptiness – its population density is less than that of the Knesset chamber during a run-of-the-mill debate – seems to make its 25 million subjects, most of them scattered along the U.S. border, uneasy. Canadians rarely see or even think of the four million square miles that lie to the north of this populated strip. Andrew H. Malcolm writes in *The Canadians*, "but like some unseen, dark, powerful presence in a midnight dream, it is felt."

The frozen north alone is much larger than India. It is unimaginably cold: temperatures of -81° Fahrenheit have been recorded in the Yukon, a meaningless statistic which the anonymous author of *Eskimo Nell* brought to life in an unforgettable image:

They tell this tale on the Arctic trail
where the nights are sixty below,
Where it's so damn cold
French letters are sold
wrapped in a ball of snow.

Just one of Canada's countless forests is six times larger than France, the biggest country in Europe and, for all the boasting that Texans are noted for, the truth is that you could easily fit the Lone Star State into Quebec and still have plenty of room left over for Connecticut, Delaware and even, I dare say, several of JR's oversized hats.

Fraser Kelly, the anchorman on Toronto's CBC *News Hour* programme, once told me of flying north for over six hours in a commercial jet without seeing a single sign of human habitation in the endless wilderness, most of it still unexplored. Drive westward from Toronto and it will take you a solid 36 hours at the wheel before you reach the next large city, Winnipeg. It takes even longer to drive further west to Vancouver and then you'll be 350 miles nearer Tokyo than you are to Halifax, Nova Scotia.

JACQUES CARTIER, a Breton who reached what is now Quebec City 450 years ago while searching for the Northwest Passage, found Canada terrifying. "I am rather inclined to believe," he wrote, "that this is the land God gave to Cain."

Well, you have to make allowances. He'd had a long trip and was probably barquentine-lagged. Moreover, we know that the weather had turned out nasty. As a matter of fact, much of Canada is a Garden of Eden and American visitors especially must feel it is some sort of rest-and-recreation centre from the Urban Wars.

Toronto, which I visit from time to time, is irrepressibly decent, a clean city without litter where seldom is seen a discouraging word – that is, without graffiti – and where even the railway station is carpeted. It has reliable public transport, first-class bookstores, galleries and museums. In short, Toronto is cultured, remarkably safe and eminently civilized. Opposite the house where I stay in Davisville there is a sign I often gaze at, couched in language that would be inconceivable in Manhattan. "Play fair with our neighbours," it entreats in well-bred tones. "Please do not double park."

There are plenty of first-class restaurants and Toronto is particularly rich in ethnic foods.

Until the Sixties, however, Toronto had a poor reputation among gourmets. This may be traced back to the arrival of the first white man, the aptly-named Etienne Brûlé, in 1615. Shortly after he'd pitched camp on the shore of Lake Ontario, the local Hurons skewered him with arrows like *shashlik*, then ate him.

COMPARED TO most other nations, the *Toronto Globe and Mail* pointed out a couple of years ago, Canada is doing "quite nicely, thank you," whether measured by bellies filled or freedoms enjoyed. Yet there is a serpent in the garden. Unlike Americans, Canadians are conditioned from infancy, wrote Northrop Frye, a prominent scholar, "to think of themselves as citizens of a country of uncertain identity, a confusing past and a hazardous future."

The vexed question of identity, in a country where a quarter of the population is French-speaking, troubled Pierre Berton as well but the writer-historian finally came up with what he considered to be an acceptable definition. "A Canadian," he wrote, "is someone who knows how to make love in a canoe."

Part of the uncertainty stems from the dormant threat of secession by the Quebecois, understandably resentful of being ordered to "speak white" in the past and encouraged by an irresponsible speech made by De Gaulle during a 1967 visit. Ten years later, they passed Law 101, driving out English and, with it, a substantial chunk of Montreal's economy, reducing it to a Joual-speaking provincial city.

Fa frette dewowr strikes Parisian visitors as an amusing corruption of *Il fait froid dehors*, while I goggled disbelievingly at hastily-patched signs such as *Chez Sid* over a cafe on Saint-Laurent. Joan Parolin once set some of these oddities down in *Word Watching*, a Montreal newsletter devoted to language:

The advantages of living with two cultures
Strike one at every turn,
Especially when one finds a notice in an office building:
"This elevator will not run on Ascension Day,"
Or reads in The Montreal Star:
"Tomorrow being the feast of the Immaculate Conception,
There will be no collection of garbage in the city;"
Or sees on the restaurant menu the bilingual dish:
"Deep Apple Pie – Tarte aux Pommes Profondes."

Oddly enough, I suffered my most serious culture shock in Toronto, of all places. Conditioned from childhood to glance with a downcast, furtive look at the advertisements for Durex contraceptive sheaths that adorned most British chemist's shops, I was astonished to find them advertised in a theatre programme. "Durex," the ad said, "Custom coloured protective coatings and" – could I believe my eyes? – "stucco finishes."

Mais c'pas catholique, ça! No, it turned out to be housepaint, useless for Eskimo Nell's purposes but Dangerous Dan McGrew might use some to smarten up the Malamute Saloon. □

Dreambo

THE FIFTH COLUMN
Matt Nesvisky

"WHAT an incredible dream I had last night!"

"Oh, please, spare us," she groans, fixing him with her no. 11 look (pained exasperation). "Let's just eat our breakfast in peace, okay?"

"I don't see why my telling a dream should disrupt our breakfast. Why is it no one in this family is ever interested in my dreams?"

"Because," she sighs, "your dreams always sound like something that came out of the head of King Kong on cocaine, that's why."

"I resent that. I have perfectly normal dreams."

"I had a wonderful dream last night," says the child.

"Oh, how nice," says her mother. "What was your dream, sweetie?"

"Wait a minute," he interjects. "How come sweetie gets to tell her dream and I don't?"

"Belt up," she explains. Turning to her daughter, she asks to hear her dream.

"I dreamed we got a doggie."

"Now that is what I call a revolting dream," her father snaps. "How many times have I explained to you, all dogs are anti-Semites. They eat Jewish people – that's what those big teeth are for. And they have hot canine breath and they knock things over with their tails and they're always lying on the sofa – "

"You're always lying on the sofa."

"I've told you, when I do that I'm writing in my head. Just forget the dog dreams, hey?"

"Honestly," grimaces his wife, zapping him with a no. 5 (well-chilled reproach). "How can you speak to your child like that?"

"Because nobody ever wants to hear my dreams, that's why."

He waits for a beat, expecting someone to pick up the cue. But his daughter merely says: "He was a lovely doggie. I loved him."

"Love? Love? How can you love a dog you've just met? Love, my dear young lady, is the result of an ever-deepening relationship that develops over the years. It requires knowledge, trust, intimacy – "

"We've been living with you for years," the kid pipes. "Does that mean we love you?"

"Of course we love me – madly! Now eat your granola, you'll be late for school."

"Late for school? I'll be half a month early."

"This kid scrambles my brains," he mutters to his wife. "All I wanted to do was to describe this really amusing dream I had."

"Why don't you eat your granola, Dreambo?" she says. "It's getting all soggy."

"You know I don't touch that stuff. Isn't there any chicken left from last night?"

"You're incorrigible. Say, I just remembered – I had a wonderful dream last night myself!"

"Shopping for shoes, I bet."

She snorts. "You think that's all I have to dream about, eh? In fact, I was shopping for a microwave oven. It's amazing – I could actually see myself leafing through the instruction book. How to do baked potatoes, roasts – I could see the booklet, colour pictures and all."

"How come your dreams always threaten to cost me money?"

"If we had a doggie," says the child, "we could feed him cheap on stuff like left-over chicken."

"The fact that a dog would take the food out of my mouth is hardly a compelling argument for the acquisition of said animal." Smugly, he pours himself a cup of *botz*.

The child mutters something in Portuguese.

"Did you hear that?" he demands of his wife. "And you tell me I imagine these things!"

"You bring it on yourself," she says, employing the rarely used no. 52 (pity). "You are something of an hysteric, you know."

"Who's hysterical? I merely sit down at the breakfast table, eager to share with my family the fascinating dream I've had, and I'm told in no uncertain terms to buzz off. Oh, it's perfectly all right for me to listen to your mundane ravings about pets and pots and pans. But if Abba wants to contribute something, that's a different story."

"He was all white," the child says. "With the cutest black ring around his right eye."

"Look, I'll have no whining from you. I remind you, young lady, that I have your sworn affidavit that you are having a happy childhood."

"I was only six when you made me sign that."

"Perfectly legal. Oh, hell, isn't anybody curious about this dream I had?"

"All right, all right," the wife sighs. "I can see you're practically wetting yourself to tell us. So describe your dream already."

"I thought you'd never ask." He sits back and lights his pipe. "Well, it was surreal, and yet so real – and we were all in it. There we were, the three of us, dressed to the nines and heading off for the social event of the season – the premiere performance of the most talked-about theatrical production in recent Israeli history."

"I like this dream," the child says brightly.

"You mean," the wife gasps, "we actually had tickets for – "

"Yes," he says triumphantly. "The revival of that fabulous musical, *My Fair Levy*."

"Hah?"

"You know, that heartwarming musical comedy about the unemployed construction worker from Beit She'an. He gets plucked from obscurity by this stuffy Polish professor, who teaches him to speak properly and dress smartly and all that so he enter the highest levels of society."

"I have a load of laundry to put in the machine."

"But you said you wanted to hear my dream. You begged me."

"*My Fair Levy?*" □

(To be continued next week.)

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